THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The SIXTEENTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE will commence in SOUTHAMPTON, on THURSDAY MORNING, the 10th of SEPTEMBER, 1846.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer.

1, Duke-street, Adelphi, London.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—EVENING EXHIBITION.—The WORKS of ART selected by the Prize Holders of the year 1846, now exhibiting at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, will be open from 7 till 10 on the Evenings of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th of September. Admission by Tickets only.

August 26, 1846. GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon. LEWIS POCOCK, } Secs.

TO ARTISTS.—PREMIUM of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS for the best OIL PAINTING, of the BAPTISM of OUR LORD in the JORDAN.

All works intended for this competition must be delivered during the last week in March, 1847, at a place in London, hereafter to be advertised.

Artists are requested to superintend the placing of their own Pictures, in the room which will be prepared for the Exhibition. The sum of One Thousand Pounds is now placed in the hands of the following gentlemen: JOSEPH TRITTON, SAMUEL MORTEN PETO, and THOMAS PEWTRESS, of London, Esquires, in trust, to pay it to the successful competitor, as soon as the prize shall have been awarded.

The prize will be awarded in the following manner:—Out of the whole number of Pictures, Ten shall be chosen by the Competing Artists or their Proxies, before the public shall be admitted to the Exhibition. Fourteen days after the public shall have been admitted, Five out of these Ten Pictures shall be chosen, also by the Competing Artists or their Proxies; and out of these Five Pictures One shall be selected by us, as entitled to the Prize. No Competing Artist to be appointed a Proxy; and the votes to be given in writing, with the signature of the party.

Artists are requested to observe that no Picture can be admitted to the Exhibition, unless the persons, both of our Lord and of John the Baptist, be not less than two-fifths of their height in the water.

THOMAS BELL, South Shields.
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London, February 18th, 1846.

☞ The Editors of Foreign Journals are respectfully requested to copy this announcement.

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TO VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1846.

REVIEWS

History of the Punjab; and of the Rise, Progress, and Present Condition of the Sect and Nation of the Sikhs. 2 vols. Allen & Co.

THIS book comes, unfortunately, into the market when the public excitement on the subject of the Punjab is beginning to subside. We are far from thinking, however, that the affairs of that country are finally settled. The dismemberment of the monarchy is not likely to be regarded with favour by the great majority of the Sikhs; however agreeable it may be to the inhabitants of Cashmere and the hill districts,—the immediate dependents of Golab Singh and natural enemies of their southern neighbours. Nay, we doubt whether the change of government will be even agreeable to the northern people—the military bands in the pay of that ambitious chief only excepted. His personal character is not one that inspires either attachment or respect. By turns perfidious and openly cruel,—always rapacious, and always to be regarded with suspicion,—he is not one to remain long at peace, either with the successor of Runjeet or, perhaps, with his new patrons. The favour shown to him by Lord Hardinge is, nevertheless, easily explained. Belonging to the most powerful family of the hill country, with great resources at his command and more than ordinary talents to direct them, he might, and probably would, soon have bid defiance to the authority of the Court of Lahore. Indeed, since the death of Runjeet, he can scarcely be said to have respected it. He seems to have long seriously meditated the establishment of his own independence; nor could the successors of the 'Old Lion' have kept him long in subjection. The dismemberment of the kingdom, without the interference of our Indian Government, would have been the inevitable result,—unless averted at the cost of ten thousand more troops from Europe and at least three times that number from the Indian provinces. As such an increase of strength required time, and the hot season was approaching, Sir Henry Hardinge had scarcely any resource but that of dividing the Sikh power, with the view of maintaining his own preponderance. But his policy, though on these grounds to be commended, can scarcely prove a durable one. The ultimate result of our being frequently called on to interfere for the preservation of the peace between the two rivals will probably be the incorporation of at least one of the two divisions with our Indian empire.—For these reasons, the book before us has still its interest.

The information contained in these volumes is derived from the best source—viz., from the Sikhs themselves. We are indebted for it to various European officers who were in frequent contact with that people; especially to the late Capt. Murray and Mr. Prinsep,—both well-known functionaries in India. A large portion, indeed, appeared, some twelve years ago, in a publication edited by the latter gentleman. The present work, however, contains fourteen new chapters,—the new matter being the most interesting part of the whole to Europeans.

Whatever may be the future value of the Punjab to our Indian empire, that value is affected by a variety of drawbacks. In the first place, it is said to be, generally, far from fertile:—

"There must either have been some exaggeration in the early accounts of the fertility of the Punjab, or its condition in this respect has greatly deteriorated. Mr. Elphinstone says that, except near the rivers, no part will bear a comparison with the British provinces in India; that the soil, in the part he passed through, was generally sandy, and by no means rich, and on the whole, not one-third of the country he saw was cultivated. Dr. Jameson represents the plain of the Punjab as a waste, comparatively speaking, with occasional cultivation. 'Proceeding from Lahore to Jelalpore,' he says, 'we pass over vast uncultivated tracts, with here and there, in the centre of the bushy jungle, a small village, with some rich cultivated fields around; now and then, breaking up the monotony of the flat plain, we meet with hillocks, marking the sites of towns and villages which are now no more, or deep ravines, the haunt of the wolf and the jackal. Mr. Vigne, who crossed the plains of the Punjab repeatedly, says, they are, generally speaking, but partially cultivated.

Nor is this sterility of soil redeemed by salubrity of climate:—

"The climate, excepting in the northern and mountainous tracts, is dry, very little rain falling in the plains, especially in the south. On the hills, as well as towards the sea, and where the monsoon is felt as far as Lahore, the rains are sometimes heavy. In the winter the weather is cold, and even frosty during the night. The heat in summer is intense, and scarcely tolerable to Europeans, who have experienced near Lahore, in June, a temperature of 113° after ten o'clock A.M. 'I never felt anything like the heat.' Mr. Osborne says, 'even before three o'clock in the morning, on the 16th of June, the thermometer must have been upwards of 100°, and a stifling sultry atmosphere, that made it painful to breathe.' Baron Hügel describes the heat of the Punjab as 'dreadful.'"

But the great curse of the country is the people themselves. These consist of various races,—all hostile to one another, and forming elements too discordant ever to combine into one harmonious body politic:—

"The people are of various races; the hilly provinces in the north are inhabited by Tibetans and Cashmerians; and in the plains, Patans and descendants of Afghan conquerors, and the progeny of Hindus from ultra-Sutluj India, are mixed with Jats and Cathis, who compose the bulk of the Punjabis, properly so called. The Khalas, or Sikhs, do not amount to much more than a fourth part of the entire population; there are none westward of the Jelum, and to the eastward of Lahore, where they are said to predominate, Burnes states that they do not compose one-third. 'It is astonishing,' says Major Lawrence, 'how seldom a Sikh is met in what is called the Sikh territory.'"

The Jats, it appears, are of Scythian origin:

"Historical associations of much interest attach to the Jat race, which is widely disseminated throughout India, under the names of Jit, Jut, and Jat; by the latter they are known on the Jumna and Ganges; by that of Jut, on the Indus and in Saurashtra, and as Jits in the Punjab. Evidence from the history of different nations, too strong to be resisted, identifies them with the Scythian Getes, as they are called by classical authors, Yuč-che, or Yuč-te, as they are denominated by the historians of China, whose original seat was in Central Asia, and who, after extending their authority over the modern Afghanistan, invaded India in the fifth century, and established themselves in the Punjab and in Rajpootana. The Jits continued to form powerful communities in these countries, and on the east bank of the Indus, for six centuries later; Mahmud of Ghuzni encountered a desperate resistance from them, in 1026, in the neighbourhood of Multan; and Baber complains that, in his progress through the Punjab, he was assailed by prodigious numbers of Jits. All the traditions of the Jits point to the regions west of the Indus as the cradle of their race. 'A Jit informed me,' says Colonel Tod, 'that their *wuttum* was far beyond the Five Rivers.' De Guignes and Rémusat, from Asiatic authorities, have traced the invasions or migrations of the Yuč-te from Tartary to the Punjab in the fifth and sixth centuries of our era; and the overthrow of the great Scythian empire in Central Asia by Timur, in A.D. 1388, occasioned a further influx of Getes into the countries of Western India. 'This celebrated race,' observes Colonel Tod, 'appears to have been the most numerous, as well as the most conspicuous, tribe of ancient Asia, from the days of Tomyris and Cyrus, to those of the present Jit prince of Lahore,' namely, Runjeet Singh."

The Jats constitute the larger portion of the agricultural population. The Cathis are, probably, the Cathæi, who offered so much resistance to the progress of Alexander the Great. They are a fine, athletic, and tall race of men, often exceeding six feet in height;—but quarrelsome, and having yet to learn as well the duty of obedience to lawful authority as that of being satisfied with what is their own. The Rajpoots need no description from us. The ill-will which all these races, more or less, bear each to the others, is imbittered by religious differences. There are—the Mohammedans, always intolerant, and always on the look out for an opportunity of exterminating idolaters; the Brahminists and Buddhists, with their numerous divergent sects,—anathematizing one another with deadly animosity. Then there are the followers of Nanuk, the prophet most honoured by the Sikhs; who, endeavouring to unite the disciples of the Arabian with those of the native teachers, by adopting opinions common to both, have met with the fate of all such trimmers, in the contempt of both. Not that, numerically speaking, these are insignificant, but they have no hold on the population at large,—which regards them as a mongrel breed.

The rulers of the Sikhs are rendered odious by their vices. Rapacious, arbitrary, tyrannical, scorning all obligations of morality and religion, they are detested by those who have the misfortune to serve them:—

"In the Sikh states, the administration of civil and criminal justice is vested in the Sirdar or chief. Crimes and trespasses, as in the middle ages, are atoned for by money: the fines are unlimited by any rule, and generally levied arbitrarily, according to the means of the offender, whose property is attached, and his family placed under restraint, to enforce payment. These amerciaments form a branch of revenue to the chief, and a fruitful source of peculation to his officers, who too frequently have recourse to the most harsh and cruel means to elicit confessions, and extort money for real or imaginary offences. He who gains his point, pays his *Shookurana*, or present of gratitude, and he who is cast, pays his *Jureemana*, or penalty. The wealthy may secure justice, but the indigent are likely to obtain something less. The larger the bribe the more chance of success. A case where the right is clear and undeniable is often allowed to lie over, that the present may be augmented. All officers under the chief, and employed by him in districts and departments, follow his example, but are ultimately thrown into a *bora*, or dungeon, and required to refund; and, when they have satisfied the cupidity of their superior, they are generally permitted to resume their functions, honoured with the shawl, as a mark of favour. Capital punishment is very seldom inflicted. The most incorrigible culprits are punished with the loss of either one or both hands, and deprivation of nose or ears; but mutilation is rare, for whoever has the means to pay, or can procure a respectable security to pay for him within a given time, may expiate the most heinous transgressions."

But not only are the Sirdars and their subordinates corrupt; the people are so too:—

"Concerns are transacted by oral testimony, verbal agreements, and promises. The test of right is confined to the memory of the oldest inhabitants of a neighbourhood, and tradition preserves old customs. Falsehood, fraud, and perjury are the natural concomitants of such a mode of conducting affairs. Money, fear, and favour can purchase an oath, can determine a village boundary dispute, and screen a criminal from detection, and the infliction of punishment. In some instances, an accused person will call for the *dibb*, or ordeal of innocence, plunge his fingers in boiling oil, bear a heated ploughshare on his hands for 50 to 100 yards, challenge his accuser to the

trial by water, and, if he escape unhurt, his purity is declared, and freely acknowledged."

Superstition is universal amongst the Sikhs:—

"Good and bad omens, lucky and unlucky days, and particular hours of the day and night for commencing a journey and returning home, are carefully observed by the Sikhs, and by all other classes in the Punjab, whether engaged in the most momentous enterprises or in the common concerns of life. To hear a partridge call on your right hand as you enter a town—cranes passing from left to right—meeting a bareheaded person—a jackass braying as you enter a town or village—a dog shaking his head and ears on quitting home—to meet a corpse or a Bramin—to hear a female jackal howling during the night—sneezing on going out or coming into a house or room, &c. &c.,—are bad omens. The contrary are good omens: to hear a partridge call on your left—cranes passing from right to left—to meet a Mehtur or Sweeper—to behold pearls in your sleep, &c. If a Mussulman dream of seeing the moon, it is as good as an *interview with the prophet*. Prior to the field being taken with an army, a visit of ceremony being paid to a distant friend, or a pilgrimage being made, the Muhurut, or auspicious moment for departure and return, must be predicted by a Pundit; and the Pundit on his part is guided by the jogme, or spirits, which pervade every quarter of the compass. To avert the pernicious consequences likely to ensue from unfavourable prognostics or dreams, charity is recommended, and in general given very freely, on such occasions, by natives of rank and wealth. These, and many hundred other absurd prejudices and superstitious notions, are carried into the most solemn affairs of state. It was no uncommon practice of Runjeet Singh, when he contemplated any serious undertaking, to direct two slips of paper to be placed on the *Grant'h Sohil*, or sacred volume of the Sikhs. On the one was written his wish, and on the other the reverse. A little boy was then brought in, and told to bring one of the slips, and, whichever it might happen to be, his highness was as satisfied as if it were a voice from heaven."

If the vigorous mind of Runjeet himself could be thus affected, what could be expected from his people? His death-bed exhibits a wretched scene of feebleness in this respect:—

"When Runjeet became aware of the fatal character of his disorder, he seemed for days to struggle with death, and still clang with mad tenacity to an existence which had now no enjoyment to offer him that he had not exhausted. He had recourse to priests and holy men, whose effectual intervention with heaven, by a perversity of which all countries, in all ages, have furnished examples, he hoped could be purchased by gold. Even his avarice yielded to this exigency, and he lavished with almost wanton prodigality his immense treasures amongst sordid pundits, fakirs, and devotees of all sorts, who flocked from every quarter to Lahore, allured by the liberal prices he paid for prayers. His alms were distributed, without discrimination, amongst Hindus and Nanuk-Shahis, Bramins and Sodees; Gya and Juggernat participated in the spoil with Amritsur and other Sikh shrines. The nearer the dreaded moment seemed to approach, the more eager was his hankering for life, and the more undistinguishing and boundless his profusion. Jagirs were assigned to temples; his elephants, even his beloved horses, were parted with; steeds with jewelled saddles, cows with gilded horns, golden chairs and golden bedsteads, were sent to propitiate the various deities; his pearls and gems, even the jewels which had been recently presented to him by the representative of the British nation, were bartered for even the chance of a few additional moments of existence. It has been computed that, on the day of his death, the wealth bestowed by Runjeet in pious gifts amounted to more than a million sterling. As a last resource, two hours before his death, that matchless diamond, the Koh-i-noor, for the possession of which he had violated the laws of hospitality and perpetrated a cruel robbery, was sent for, to be dispatched as a gift to adorn the image of Juggernat; but now his successor, and his ministers and courtiers (who were invaded by fears that nothing would be left for their cupidity), interposed, and represented that such a jewel, which the whole revenue of India could not re-purchase, was an alms too precious to be conferred upon Bramins. The other gifts, however, continued till the evening of the 27th of June, 1839, when, after a succession of fainting fits, his mental faculties remaining unimpaired till the last, the Maharaja expired, at the age of fifty-eight."

The origin of this adventurer was very humble. The first of his known ancestors (who lived in the eighteenth century) was a Jat named Desoo, whose entire patrimony consisted of three ploughs and a well. Nodh, the son of Desoo, was the first to embrace the Sikh religion; and worldly advancement was the immediate result. Churut Singh, the son of Nodh, became a leader of banditti,—no dishonourable occupation in the Punjab. At this time, the feeble measures of the Afghan sultans, whose deputies ruled at Lahore, encouraged the ambition and daring of Runjeet's immediate ancestors. The defeat of Ahmed Shah, in 1764, and the consequent partition of the Punjab among the native chiefs of the Sikh sect, as Sirdars (heads alike of the civil and military jurisdictions), were not fruitless to the grandfather of Runjeet. Maha Singh, the father of Runjeet, trod in the steps of Churut; and, partly by matrimonial alliance partly by conquest, added considerably to the family power. Runjeet, as we all know, completed their work. The successive steps by which he fought or intrigued his way to the supreme government of the country,—by which he united elements so discordant into one powerful state,—are minutely given in these volumes, and cannot be read without interest. That interest, however, is often of a painful character. Whatever may be our admiration for the chief's commanding talents, indefatigable activity, and invincible perseverance, we are shocked at his unblushing rapacity, cold-blooded cruelty, and consummate perfidy. On the whole, his career was beneficial to India. His possession of the whole Lahore territory was reinforced by the conquest of Multan and Cashmere,—with other territories west of the Indus, or bordering on the Thibetian chain of mountains. In 1833, his independence was acknowledged by the Sultan of Cabul,—who had need of his alliance against an usurper of his throne. This titular acknowledgment, however, was of less effect than the sword of Runjeet,—the real weapon of his independence.

The wisdom with which the new monarch availed himself of European discipline for his armies is well known. It was in March 1822, that Ventura and Allard, two French disbanded officers, arrived at Lahore, soliciting employment; which, after due caution, was given to them. Their success attracted other adventurers,—not the least remarkable of whom was Avitabili:—

"General Avitabili, a Neapolitan, according to Baron Hügel, formerly an officer of Murat's army and court, and a pupil of the Polytechnic School at Paris, entered Runjeet's service in 1830, and was at first appointed governor of Vuzeerabad; while there, he almost rebuilt the town in the European style, making the streets wide enough to admit a carriage with four horses, and introducing other improvements, to the astonishment of the natives. His government of Peshawur is thus spoken of by Major Lawrence (Adv. in the Punjab, vol. i. p. 43): 'Of Avitabili the most lenient view that can be taken is, to consider him as set in authority over savage animals,—not as a ruler over reasonable beings; as one appointed to grind down a race, who bear the yoke with about as good a grace as "a wild bull in a net," and who, catching their ruler for one moment asleep, would soon cease to be governed. But the ground of complaint alleged against him is, that he "acts as a savage among savage men," instead of showing them that a Christian can wield the iron sceptre without staining it by needless cruelty; without following some of the worst fashions of his worst neighbours. Under his rule, summary hangings have been added to the native catalogue of punishments, and not a bad one either when properly used; but the ostentation of adding two or three to the string suspended from the gibbet, on special days and festivals, added to a very evident habitual carelessness of life, lead one to fear that small pains are taken to distinguish between innocence and guilt, and that many a man, ignorant of the alleged crime, pays with his life the price of blood. It is the general's system, when, as often happens, a Sikh, or any other of his own men, disappears at or near any village in the Peshawur territory, to fine that village, or to make it give up the murderer or murderers. The latter is the *cheapest* plan; a victim or victims are given up, and justice is satisfied. He might be as energetic and summary as he pleased, and no one would object to his dealing with a lawless people in such a way as to restrain their evil practices; but such scenes as frequently occur in the streets of Peshawur, equally revolting to humanity and decency, might be dispensed with. Still, General Avitabili has many of the attributes of a good ruler; he is bold, active, and intelligent, seeing everything with his own eyes; up early and late. He has, at the expense of his own character for humanity, by the terror of his name, *saved* much life. It is but just to state, that the peaceful and well-disposed inhabitants of Peshawur, both Hindu and Mahomedan, united in praise of his administration, though all with one voice declared that mercy seldom mingled in his decrees. Believed to fear neither man nor devil, Avitabili keeps down by grim fear what nothing else *would* keep down—the unruly spirits around him, who, if let slip, would riot in carnage; his severity may, therefore, be extenuated, as the least of two evils.'"

Of Golab Singh, the new Maharaja, we have ample accounts in this work. His history, however, is so closely interwoven with that of Runjeet as to afford no room for criticism within reasonable limits. To the book itself we must refer our readers. If we are not greatly deceived, they will think, with us, that, though Golab may be more politic than most, he is in every other respect as bad as any, of the Sikhs. —We will only add of these volumes, that the reader will find there a full, clear, connected and accurate account of the Punjab and its eventful history.

Moral and Religious Tales for the Young of the Hebrew Faith. Adapted from the French of 'Les Matinées du Samedi' of G. Ben Levi. By A. Abraham. Whittaker & Co.

THOUGH these 'Tales' are professedly designed for Jewish children, they have (in the original French) found their way into Christian families,—and been read by the latter, perhaps, more than by the former. They are known to the Italians and to the Germans, in their respective languages; and Mr. Abraham thinks they will be no less acceptable to an English public. To those of his own communion they will be welcome, doubtless; and we find no reason why they should not be read by Protestant children—since they contain nothing offensive to the Christian faith, nor in especial vindication of the Jewish. The book goes no further than the inculcation of reverence for the Supreme Being and respect for the moral virtues. In manner it much resembles 'Stretch's Beauties of History,'—though less comprehensive, and far inferior in literary merit to that popular work. Indeed, in that point of view, it is scarcely deserving of its European reputation. A specimen or two may, however, be offered of a work of which its editor, with amusing enthusiasm, says, that it has been "translated for the profound thinkers of Germany and the classic readers of Italy." The following is apocryphal enough:—

"*Abraham and the Idols.*

"At the period when the first of our holy patriarchs lived, idolatry prevailed in the adoration of the images of men, animals, plants, and fantastic forms carved in wood, cut in stone, or cast in metal,

to which ignorance and superstition attributed a divine power. Terah, the father of Abraham, manufactured and adored idols—a worship which was very repugnant to the superior sense of his son. One day, when Abraham found himself alone, an old man presented himself at the storehouse of Terah's idols to purchase one. 'How old are you?' asked Abraham. The old man replied, 'Eighty years.' 'How! you who are so old, would you adore an image which the workmen of my father made but yesterday?' The old man *understood Abraham, and went away ashamed.* A young woman succeeded him, bringing a dish of food as an offering to the idols of Terah. 'They do not eat only,' said Abraham, 'try to make them take the food from your hands.' The young woman, having made the attempt without success, went away, no longer deluded. Abraham immediately broke all the paternal idols except the largest in the hand of which he placed a hammer. When Terah returned, and saw the havoc, he stormed with passion; but his son said to him, 'It is this large idol that has done this. A good woman having brought some food to the gods, they eagerly fell upon the offering, without asking permission of the largest and most ancient of their number. This offended him, and he revenged himself by thus treating them.' 'Wouldst thou then deceive thy father,' replied Terah, full of wrath; 'knowest thou not, that these images can neither speak, eat, nor make any movement?' 'If so,' exclaimed Abraham, 'why do you consider them as gods, and why would you compel me to worship them?' "

Both the editor and the author (if he may be so called who does no more than string together moral sayings by way of illustration to the stories which he translates) relate such legends as this from their Rabbinical writings with all becoming gravity. The following account of the celebrated Maimonides—well known to Christian and Jewish commentators alike—adds another to the many proofs of how little the character of the man can be predicted from that of the child:—

"*The Preacher of Cordova.*

"'I tell thee thou makest me miserable. I would rather see thee dead than ignorant. Thou wilt be soon thirteen years of age, and thou wilt learn nothing. I pray to God that he may graciously release me from thee.' Thus spoke a learned Israelite, of Cordova, to his son, whom, overcome by his passion, he struck in the face, and returned to his chamber, without even casting a look at him. The poor lad could with difficulty see that the injury he had just received caused the blood to rush from his face, when, at the same time, his eyes were filled with tears at the sight of paternal distraction. He remained absorbed in doleful reflections, and then resolutely said, 'Come, I must take my departure; my father is right, I *am* an idler. Either my intelligence has not been well developed, or I have been taught in a defective manner. I learn nothing here, and am an object of shame and grief to my father. Let me travel; the world is large. I feel within me a desire to be instructed, and a secret voice tells me I shall succeed.' Some days afterwards, the son of Maimon arrived on foot at Lucena, and went to the house of Rabbi Meir-ben-Joseph, who taking him for a poor orphan without resources, received him and commenced his education. Stimulated by the desire of regaining the good graces of his father, the young man laboured with zeal, and became one of the most distinguished of Rabbi Meir's pupils. In the mean time, the father knew not what had become of his son, whom he tenderly loved, and thought was lost to him for ever. He reproached himself for his rigorous conduct, and did not allow a day to pass without thinking of, and praying for, his outcast son. Twenty years passed, and still no tidings of him. One day it was rumoured at Cordova that a young rabbin had come to obtain permission to preach in the synagogue. As they extolled the knowledge of this preacher, Maimon joined the crowd which filled the synagogue the following Sabbath to hear him. He beheld in the pulpit a handsome young man, with a quick eye and modest demeanour. His paternal heart palpitated, as he said sorrowfully to himself, 'If my son yet lives, that is the age he will be. What happiness for my old days, if I could also hear him preach in the synagogue.' The young preacher commenced, and all were astonished at his wisdom and eloquence. But the tone of that voice troubled old Maimon; a dimness covered his eyes; his knees trembled; and when the sermon was concluded, amid the clamour of unanimous eulogiums, the pale old man fixed his humid eye with anxiety on the young preacher, who, whilst speaking, had not taken his look from him. On leaving the pulpit, the orator tore himself from the eager congratulations of the elders, and approached old Maimon, saying, 'I am *your son:* do you find me worthy of returning before you?' The father pressed his son to his heart, overwhelmed him with caresses, and exclaimed, 'Now then, I can die.' 'You shall live, my father, to sustain me in new studies which I will undertake, to prove myself worthy of your guidance.' This modest young scholar, this good son, called himself afterwards Maimonides, and was surnamed the light of Israel. His name is canonized as a Talmudist, philosopher and physician."

This little book is not well translated, as the reader of these extracts will have seen—or, if Mr. Abraham pleases, it is not well "adapted." Some of the language is not English, and there are not a few blunders. Of Abarbanel we are told that he was "of a family descended from David,"—which is more than any Jew on earth can prove. Josephus, we learn, was born thirty-eight years before the birth of Christ:—if so, as he died A.D. 93, he must have been extremely old. We know, on the contrary, that he did not reach his sixty-fifth year.

A Pilgrimage to the Temples and Tombs of Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1845-6. By Mrs. Romer. 2 vols. Bentley.

As in the case of her former book of travels,—'The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir' [*Ath.* No. 816],—the clever lady who has here "come into court" seems more solicitous to invent a resonant title, and discover an ingenious excuse for writing and publishing her journals, than is either unaffected or reasonable. She likes pen and ink, "and there's an end on't"—so far as any need of apology is concerned. When her pleasure is over, ours begins. *We* like reading what she writes; and should accept it contentedly, without the tale of Pencil-monger on the Boulevards of Paris,—which was her former preamble,—or the tiresome *plaidoyer* touching that ill-used woman Mrs. Harris we have on the present occasion to go through, ere we find ourselves "safely landed at Valetta," and on the eve of starting for the Temples, the Tombs,—it would have been only fair to add, the Shops and the Harems—of the East.

Even after 'Eothen,' and Titmarsh's 'Tour,' Mrs. Romer's 'Pilgrimage' will be read with pleasure. She stands, it is true, at the opposite extreme from those gentlemen,—who, it will be recollected, were both sparing of enthusiasm; whereas to her we are sometimes tempted to cry, with Richardson's Lady G—, "I will have nothing that begins with O!" We can the less excuse Mrs. Romer's ejaculation, that she is under no necessity of resorting to it as an escape from description:—as the following picture of her first glimpse of Cairo will sufficiently prove:—

"This morning I awoke in a new world! The sun, the bright sunshine of Egypt, streamed in golden rays through the curtains of the vast projecting window of my bedchamber; strange, unwonted noises were heard in the street below, and roused me from a dream of home. * * Early as the hour was, the space before the hotel was already full of life, and movement, and noise (for nothing here is done quietly). Near the door were kneeling two camels laden with stones, and growling vehemently; notwithstanding the blows rained upon them by their drivers, they would not get up—they had been overloaded, or badly loaded, and refused to rise until their burthens should be more equitably disposed of; and this, their firm determination, they conveyed to their task-masters by sounds and gestures not to be misunderstood. * * Here a group of old Arabs in huge white turbans, squatted under a wall, were waving their fly-flappers over the heaps of flat cakes of bread and ripe dates that were spread upon the ground before them for sale. There stood a serpent-charmer, with a large living snake coiled twice round his neck, and a bag full of lively vipers in each hand, offering his services to whoever wished their premises to be cleared of such unwelcome guests. In the centre of the place were gathered together twenty or thirty donkies, all ready caparisoned for hire, with high-fronted saddles, covered with red morocco and carpets spread over them, fit to carry gentleman or lady; and their noisy drivers standing by, vociferating among themselves as Arabs only can do; their dark slender limbs covered merely with a blue cotton shirt, the sleeves of which are gracefully drawn up with cords that cross the shoulders, their swarthy faces surmounted by a voluminous white turban, scarcely one among them possessing two eyes, such are the ravages of ophthalmia in this clime! And lo! immediately facing my window rises the tall minaret of a neighbouring mosque, and from its upper gallery sounded the deep-toned cry of the Muezzin calling the Faithful to prayer. * * And now rushed by a half-naked Arab, running at the top of his speed, and loudly cracking a long whip to clear the way for the Caireen gentleman in silken robes, who followed upon a richly caparisoned steed, all covered with velvet, and gold, and tassels, his pipe-bearer riding close beside him. And hark! what shrieks and shouts are those that ever and anon rise above the noise and clamour of the scene below? The Moristan (or public madhouse) of Cairo is close by, and the frantic merriment and wild yells of its wretched inmates mingle in strange discordance with the busy hum of every-day life."

We can do no better for the introduction of our readers to the character of these volumes, than transfer a few of the pictures from their pages to our own. Here is a sketch of the master-spirit of Cairo:—and it may be well to explain that Mr. P. was a Quaker gentleman, whom Mrs. Romer's party had casually encountered:—

"We were riding *en file* through a very crowded thoroughfare, Mr. P. immediately preceding me, when to my dismay I beheld a man, brandishing a long courbash, rush through the throng, and inflict a violent blow upon our unoffending friend, followed by a second one applied to his equally unoffending donkey. The first impulse of Mr. P. was to raise his whip and return the blow; but the influence of those conscientious scruples which forbid to the members of his religious persuasion all violent measures, or the indulgence of angry recrimination, quickly resumed its empire over his well-regulated mind, and his hand fell without having visited the outrage he had received upon its author, although I could see, from the flush on his cheek and the sparkle in his eye, that the triumph of principle over passion had not been achieved without an inward struggle. All this had passed so rapidly that no time had been left us even to conjecture its meaning; but I believe that I too was coming in for my share of the assault and battery dealt around by this apparent maniac, when Mohammed, rushing towards me, seized the bridal of my donkey, and suddenly backing it into a corner, explained the whole affair by exclaiming, 'Mohammed Ali!' Back fell the crowd; all the gentlemen of our party immediately dismounted and uncovered, (with the exception of our friend, whose peculiar tenets again prescribed that he should pursue another course,) and onward galloped two men on horseback, followed by an escort mounted on dromedaries, the foremost of whom bore the Viceroy's prayer-carpet; then came the Viceroy, seated alone in an European *calèche*, drawn by four fine greys, his coachman and two footmen dressed in scarlet-and-gold Memlook habits; and the *cortège* was closed by another escort on dromedaries, carrying the Pasha's *chibouques*, enclosed in crimson-and-gold cases, with their accompanying apparatus of large silver censers for containing fire. The speed with which his Highness was driven compelled the dromedaries to proceed

at a long trot, a pace which produces the most ludicrous effect in these uncouth-looking animals; nevertheless we could not but agree that they looked thoroughly in keeping with the *cortège* of an African potentate. Mohammed Ali graciously returned the salutations of our party."

The marriage procession described at pp. 87, 88, 89, was gayer, though not so grand: but the music which went before the bride,—a full band of "pipes, flutes, tambourines, darabookhas (a sort of Arab drum, beaten on with the hands), guitars made out of cocoa-nuts, and violins with one string, accompanied by singing and clapping of hands," is described as dreadful to hear. This pagan *charivari*, however, is not worse than the Christian pistol-shooting as the bride went home; which is—or recently *was*—the practice in many parts of Saxony and Bohemia. We trust that Cairo will not lose this primitive orchestra, or other of its orientalisms, owing to its being now so great a station on the road to India. Alas! few are the costumes or customs which will long stand before "the pink and blue bonnets" of perpetual ladies' maids, and the "dandy travelling caps" of Brave Couriers! They have *un-Rhined* the Rhine—desecrated Paris (as Lady Morgan will attest) by introducing buttered muffins and bottled porter—filled the Piazza at Venice with May-Fair gossip;—and, now, they are "up and at" the East, in squadrons! For a while longer yet, however, the pilgrim who prefers primitive life to French millinery may escape from the distracting influence of these caravans by following Mrs. Romer's plan—"taking to the water." Mr. Walne allowed her the use of his dahabieh, "The Swift;" and Mohammed Abdul Atti, "*our* dragoman," purveyed a complete crew (whom he managed *vi et armis*), and a famous cooking apparatus; and away the party glided from Cairo.

We purposely forbear extracting a clever description of Luxor, and another of Esneh. A ride through the bazaar at Es-souan introduced Mrs. Romer to her first specimens of those peculiar tatooed people, the Berbers. But the passage of the First Cataract is the best picture in this voyage; and, though it be somewhat of the widest, we must have it in preference:—

"We had been told that a strong wind was necessary to carry us through, as for the greater part of the way tracking is out of the question; and that travellers are frequently delayed for days and weeks, awaiting that indispensable auxiliary. But on the morning after our arrival at Es-souan, the auspicious wind set in, and everything augured a prosperous ascent. At ten o'clock yesterday morning, the Reis of the Cataract took possession of the Dahabieh with twenty of his men (as many as we could well accommodate in addition to our own crew, the remaining eighty being sent on to the point where their services would be more immediately required), and we started with all our sails set, and quickly left the town of Es-souan behind us. And soon the wildness of the Cataract burst upon us in all its splendour; after the tame scenery which characterises the banks of the Nile from Alexandria to Es-souan, it was quite refreshing to our eyes to rest upon something rugged, and differing in form from the eternal *dhorra* fields and palm-trees. The commencement of the Cataract presents a complete Archipelago of granite rocks, some red, others black, and shining in the sun, as though highly polished, with various torrents rushing between them in all directions. These rocks are of the most extraordinary forms; now awful, now grotesque, they look as old as the earth itself—the skeletons of the ante-diluvian world! On the western shore the sands of the Great Desert, yellow as gold, and rippled by the action of the winds into wavelets, descend to the water's edge interspersed with great masses of black basalt; on the east, rock rises above rock of granite, piled up in such strange and uncouth forms, that one is led to attribute to some terrific volcanic eruption,—to one of those early revolutions of the elements which changed the surface of the globe, the creation of that chaotic wilderness. The breeze held strong; and well it was that it did so, for I cannot conceive how destruction could be avoided, if, for one moment, the impelling power should be overcome by the resistance of the torrent we were driven through. Here and there our course lay between rocks narrowing so closely together, and towering to such a height, that the wind was momentarily taken out of our sails, and, I assure you, such moments were awful, for it was just a struggle whether the impetus with which we entered the narrow pass would carry us through it or not. And often there was a momentary pause, when that struggle rendered the boat stationary, while the sails fluttered like an expiring pulse;—but again the breeze filled them, and the screams and shouts of the two crews would be converted into an hurrah of confidence and triumph. At each of those intervals, our good Reis Ali would leave his post at the prow of the vessel, in order to give me assurances of safety, and encourage me with a cheerful '*Taieeb Taieeb!*' (very well, very good,) by which kind process I became convinced, that not only had we already encountered some danger, but that more lay before us—a conviction but too well founded, as you will soon see. I had established for myself a test of the safety of our progress, which inspired me with more confidence than the friendly visits of Reis Ali; and this was our excellent cook, Hadgee Mustapha, whose little portable kitchen, in which he performs such great feats, is placed just opposite to the awning where I was standing. There he was, fixed to his post, and, in the midst of the deafening noise and bustle around, imperturbably making preparations for dinner, which I began to think it doubtful that we should ever eat. But his unruffled *sang froid* satisfied me that he, who is a Nile bird, thought that there was no danger; and, in my fancied security, I lost sight of the fact that as a Moslem and a Fatalist,—above all, as a cook,—he was in religion and honour bound to show an immovable countenance—to leave the boat to its fate, and to stick to his *casseroles*, and snap his fingers at the Cataracts. Thus matters stood at noon; and, in reply to the anxious inquiries I addressed to Mohammed, he declared that we should soon arrive at that part of the Cataract called the *Bab*, or gate, where the eighty men were stationed to track the boat up the rapids; and, that operation once achieved, half an hour would bring us to the island of Philæ, where all our troubles would be over. Scarcely had he made me that assurance, when the Swift entered one of those short but furious torrents, through which the practicable channel lies. A scene of general confusion ensued; I heard the voice of every man of the two crews screaming in angry vociferation, and the hoarse shouts of the Reis loud above the rest,—I saw Mohammed draw his sabre, and rush towards the spot where the Reis of the Cataract's pilot was stationed. I was immediately conscious that our onward course was not only arrested, but that we were retrograding; for the surrounding rocks, which, but an instant before, we were rapidly passing by, now appeared to be running away from us ahead. I looked up and saw the sails trembling;—I looked forward, and oh, *comble de désespoir!* beheld the cook drop a pudding-mould from his hand, and, seizing one of the poles which the crew employed to prevent the vessel wearing round, go heartily to work with the rest. All is lost, thought I, since Hadgee Mustapha abandons his pudding! The next moment a hollow, grating noise was heard, and my sinister apprehensions were confirmed; the boat had struck;—luckily, it was by the stern, which held her fast, and prevented her swinging round with her broadside upon the rocks, where she must have been dashed to pieces. The necessary precautions for such a casualty had been provided, and two of our men instantly threw themselves into the stream, and swam to an adjoining rock with ropes, which they made fast there, and thus established such a *fulcrum* to pull upon, as secured her from swinging round by the head. Meanwhile, the pilot who had been provided by the Reis of the Cataract, and whose negligent steering had brought us to this perilous pass, abandoned the helm, and jumping into the river, swam over to the eastern shore, and made his escape into the Desert. While we were lying in this predicament, every bump which the keel gave against the rocks sounding like death knocking at the door, all the surrounding rocks suddenly swarmed with naked Nubians, who sprang up, like Roderick Dhu's men, from what, but an instant before, appeared but a lifeless solitude. On such occasions, I understand, those people always lie in wait and present themselves at the critical moment, either to obtain a *bachshish*, if assistance be possible, or to assume the character of wreckers if misfortune is inevitable. Many of them approached the Dahabieh, seated upon trunks of trees, and using their hands as paddles, the common mode of crossing the river adopted by this primitive race; but we rejected their services, having as many hands on board as we required. At last, by dint of the greatest exertion, we were got off the rock that held us by the stern, but alas! it was to fall from Scylla to Charybdis—for, before we could once more get headway upon the boat, she struck again and this time she sprung a leak. There was nothing to be done but to run her upon the sands of an adjacent island, and to send to the nearest village for workmen to come and repair the mischief done; we then arranged ourselves for the remainder of the day and night. For the honour and credit of Hadgee Mustapha, I must tell you that our dinner betrayed no symptoms of the confusion and terror that had presided over its arrangements; and that his pudding, notwithstanding the ominous interruption that it had encountered, was one of the very best he ever concocted."

These perils, however, proved child's play to what followed; but for this we must refer the reader to the book,—as we wish to treat him to a visit of the Frank lady to the Nubian prince, Hussein Kiashef, in his court at Derr:—

"The Kiashef's palace is a mud edifice, rather of a better and more spacious description than those of his subjects, and is preceded by sundry court-yards and flights of broken steps, in which we found no guard of honour, or any living thing in waiting but some meagre-looking goats and a multitude of pigeons. However, at the entrance of his audience chamber we were received by a dozen attendants dressed in white shirts and turbans, and found the Kiashef himself, a fine-looking old man, standing in the middle of the room to receive us. This room, an exceedingly large one, is covered in with beams of palm-trees thatched over with the dried leaves of that (in this country) tree of all work. The mud walls, guiltless of either paper or paint, and in all the beautiful simplicity of Nile slime hardened in the sun, looked perfectly clean, as did the clay floor, in the middle of which was a circular heap of ashes hollowed out in the centre and filled with live embers—a strange adjunct in such a climate, when I tell you that the temperature at this moment is that of June in Italy. At the upper end of the room was spread a large Persian carpet, upon which were placed the Prince's cushions, and to the left of him was a smaller Persian carpet furnished in the same manner with cushions. Upon these we were directed to take our seats, while our host with great dignity assumed his at the head of the room, and desired Mohammed to sit upon the edge of his carpet to interpret for us. Opposite to us on a mat were squatted five Nubians in very fierce-looking turbans, with their slippers placed before them—the notabilities of the place; for on my asking who they were, Mohammed very naïvely replied that they were 'the Mollah and the great lawyers of Derr—what you call in England the Attorney-General and Lord Brougham.' (And here, *par parenthèse*, I must tell you that whenever Mohammed is alluding to the Scheikh-ul-Islam, or head of the Mahometan religion at Cairo, he invariably calls him the Archbishop of Canterbury, by which parallel he fancies he renders the functions of that personage more intelligible to us.) On the wall behind the Prince were suspended his Nubian arms, consisting of the broad-bladed sword peculiar to this country, a dagger, shield, and gun. The lower end of the room was occupied by the household servants standing; and I should imagine, from the rolls of mats and cushions that were piled up there, it must be converted into a dormitory at night. * * I was then conducted to the harem; the old

gentleman's connubial establishment consisting of three Nubian wives and three Abyssinian slaves, with a number of attendants, and children in plenty. My reception took place in a sort of *al fresco* chamber, half of which only is covered in from the rays of the sun by woven palm-leaves; a large mat of the same materials very prettily woven in different colours was spread under this awning, and there my conductors (half-a-dozen of Hussein Kiashef's male household) directed me to seat myself. But I remained standing until the ladies entered, which they presently did in a crowd, smelling so abominably of castor-oil, that I almost sickened at their approach. They all touched my hands several times, the mode of salutation in this part of the world, and said something which of course I did not understand, to which I replied by saying something equally unintelligible to them; and we then seated ourselves upon the mat and looked at each other, no doubt with similar sentiments of curiosity and — the reverse of admiration. These ladies wore their hair, which in hue and quality is exactly like the fleece of a black sheep (of a sooty, rusty colour), in the Nubian fashion, and so abundantly anointed with castor-oil, that it distilled all down their cheeks and saturated their garments. Their faces are tattooed on the chin and cheeks with blue stars, the under lip is dyed blue, and the eyelids stained with *kohl*, which enlarges and lengthens the appearance of the eyes, and is thought to add to their brilliancy. You must not, however, imagine that my Princesses are negresses; they are of the Berber race, which, although nearly black, is very comely, and possesses none of the negro characteristics of face or form. They wore a number of bracelets of bone or ivory, silver rings, and five or six necklaces each, of various sorts of coloured beads; their outward garment of blue cotton so completely enveloped their persons that I could not ascertain the fashion or quality of the dress worn underneath, but their arms and feet were bare, and tattooed with designs in blue like their faces. A large flat basket made of palm-leaves, and filled with dates and a sort of white sweetmeat, was brought in and placed before me, and I was invited to eat; but preparatory to doing so, I drew off my gloves, a pair of tanned kid, well-fitting French gloves, which, being a few shades lighter than their *own skins*, they had, as it would appear, mistaken for *mine* — for from the shout they set up when they beheld the operation, and the eager manner in which they all leaned forward to examine first my hands and then the gloves, it is evident they imagined I had been St. Bartholomewising myself in their honour. I put the gloves on and off several times to please my entertainers, at which they laughed with all the glee of children; and had I had an interpreter at hand I should certainly have told them that having been afflicted by nature with a white skin, I had adopted that darker covering for my hands to assimilate them to their own more beautiful complexions. But I did better; I presented each of them with a pair of Mosaic gold ear-rings and bracelet-clasps, and left them immeasurably happy with these acquisitions to their finery. To the chief slave, who had accompanied me, I gave an English penknife; when the other five saw it, they began to clamour for the same, and upon finding that I did not acquiesce in their demand, they placed their backs against the door of the hareem and refused to let me pass out. I own to you that for a moment I felt extremely terrified; they were all very fierce, lawless-looking men, and I was quite alone, and beyond the reach of making myself heard by any one belonging to my party. I did not, however, lose my self-possession, but turning back to the ladies' apartment, I called upon the elder one by signs to order the door to be opened. One word from her effected my egress, and I returned to the Prince's Divan to take my leave of him, and to express my thanks for having been introduced to his hareem."

These inroads of English ladies into the mansions of the followers of "Mahoun and Termagaunt," are, at best, we fear, rather *harum-scarum* proceedings. She herself subsequently gives us as droll an illustration of "the two sides of the tapestry," in one of these much-coveted adventures, as *Punch* could desire to descant upon. It is needless to say that the heroine of the following racy story *must* be Lady Londonderry:—

"I was so amused by the explanation given to me the other day of a noble English lady's reception by the Sultan which was pompously announced to the world as a most important event,—a new era in the history of Turkish civilization,—that I cannot resist giving you the same peep at the *dessous des cartes* which was afforded to me. My informant was residing in Constantinople at the time when the affair took place, and derived his information from unquestionable authority, no less than that of some of the officials by whose management it was effected. The lady in question was ambitious of being presented to the young Sultan, and her lord was no less ambitious of gratifying her wishes. An application was made by them to the Pasha then at the head of affairs at Stamboul to give effect to their wishes, and as he had been at some former period ambassador at our court, his residence in London had enabled him to form a correct idea of the power exercised in the English world of fashion by the two individuals in question, and of the impolicy of offending persons who might one day have it in their power to retaliate upon him in their own country, should the Sultan's pleasure ever send him there again as his representative. But then he knew, too, that to propose such a thing to his sovereign as the presentation of the lady to him, was not to be thought of seriously. What did the cunning stateman do in this dilemma? Desirous of propitiating one party without offending the other, he adopted a *mezzotermine* which appeared to him most happily to reconcile the two difficulties. He presented himself to the Sultan, and told him that there was an Englishwoman then in Constantinople who had some very fine jewels to sell, which she was anxious to submit to his Highness's inspection. The Shadow of God upon Earth signified his willingness to see them, and directed that they should be sent to the palace for that purpose. This was not exactly what the adroit minister aimed at, but it was a near approach to it; he ventured to suggest that, as they were all female ornaments, it would be better that the Christian woman should put them on her person, and bring them to the palace herself; which would enable His Highness to judge of the effect they produced, and the manner in which they ought to be worn. The Sultan assented, and gave orders that the woman should be brought to the palace and stationed in one of the antechambers, and that when apprized of her being there, he would pass through it in order to take a view of her brilliant merchandise. His directions were punctually obeyed, and this is the history of the noble lady's interview with Abdul Medjid. And the reason of her having been smuggled, as it were, into the Imperial abode, and left shivering alone in chilly rooms and corridors, and finally being so coldly accosted and unceremoniously inspected by the young Sultan in his passage through the room in which she stood, is most intelligibly accounted for by the fact that he actually believed her to be a *diamond merchant!* and although she was impressed with the conviction that the interview was conceded to her rank and station, it was only owing to that mistaken supposition, above stated, that the proud English lady obtained admission into his presence."

"*Si non è vero,*" &c. Mrs. Romer's volumes will scarcely supply a better anecdote: and with this, therefore, we will conclude—at least for the present. Possibly, we may return to them again, for another sketch or two.

Flora Calpensis. Contributions to the Botany and Topography of Gibraltar and its Neighbourhood. By E. F. Kelaart, M.D. Van Voorst.

THERE are few men who have more leisure, opportunities, or ability for the pursuit of Natural History than the officers attached to our army medical staff:—yet, it is very certain that we are indebted for only a small proportion of our literature and science in that department to this class. We are glad, therefore, to find a gentleman like Dr. Kelaart devoting his spare hours to observations of the kind; and producing an interesting book on what might be regarded as the most sterile of all subjects—the rock of Gibraltar. Viewed from a distance, this rocky mass, so important in a political aspect, might be supposed to afford no point of scientific interest beyond the character of its strata and its mineralogical contents. A closer inspection, however, and such observation as the naturalist bestows, show it to be a spot of great interest. Dr. Kelaart gives a geological description of the rock; which consists of secondary limestone, calcareous spar, breccia, clay-shale and sandstone. In this formation there are several remarkable caves:—

"The largest, called St. Michael's Cave, is situated about the middle of the rock, and nearly eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea; perhaps there are few caves in similar formations equal to this in picturesque effect, though there are many of larger dimensions. The interior is shown to the public when the rock is visited by some distinguished personage, or a particular friend of the Colonels of Artillery or Engineers; it is then seen to the best advantage: a host of people is assembled near the entrance of the cave at the hour appointed. Martial music sounds. The gates are opened and the cavern is entered with the utmost degree of caution, the ladies of course assisted by the gentlemen, the descent being very slippery from the accumulated moisture. Wax tapers burning at distant intervals, cast a dim light all around; as you proceed, a little stream is passed, and you enter a beautiful grotto sixty feet high, adorned with many sparry petrifactions, and supported by colossal stalactite pillars resembling the most elaborate architecture; the splendid roof looks as if it were chiselled by the hand of the finest sculptor, the whole illumined by coloured lights. Within the last few years this cavern has been explored by several enterprising gentlemen; and I gathered from some of them that the party penetrated the cavern to more than three hundred feet below the level of the grotto just described, and that in their progress they went from one cavern into another, passing thus a series of caverns of various dimensions till they arrived at one, in the centre of which was a small pool of water. Aided by candle-light, they saw stalactite formations very far surpassing in beauty those of the grotto above; the specimens they brought up were almost of a pure white, the action of the atmosphere darkening the shades of those found in the upper cave. The tortuous narrow passages through which the explorers had to pass, rendered the adventure rather dangerous; ropes and ladders were in requisition, with the help of which, and stout hearts, they accomplished what few would like to try."

The popular impression is, that Gibraltar is a barren rock; and its appearance, on entering the Mediterranean Straits, appears to confirm that impression—which a nearer approach, however, tends to destroy:—

"Gibraltar can boast of its gardens and walks, lined with beautiful shrubs and plants, and shaded by stately poplars and *bella-sombras*. Even as early as December the colour of the rock is varied by luxuriant vegetation, though of a diminutive description, which, with magical rapidity, changes its summer dress and arid appearance, immediately after the first falls of rain; masses of green of every tint, harmonising beautifully with the yellow bloom of the Spartium and Genista, and the fragile umbels of the Oxalis cernua, which grows here almost wild. The whole appearance of the rock, near the Alameda, is charming, and one who has not seen tropical vegetation, would scarcely believe that at such a season nature could look so beautiful. On a fine sunny day these attractions tempt every lover of nature to quit his home for a ramble over this picturesque ground, or to saunter in the gayer paths of the Alameda gardens, where, with 'fairer flowers' of all shades and figures, he may breathe the air scented by a thousand blossoms; these are the beauties of the 'sunny south' found even on this small rock. Earlier in the spring, before other brilliant flowers can draw one's attention, the promenade in these gardens is rendered captivating enough by the thousand gorgeous chandelier-like groups of the Barbadoes aloe, mixing its red pine-shaped blossoms with pelargoniums of every tint, while the

graceful 'silver broom' waves its delicate foliage and white flowers over the sides of the narrow and tortuous paths, leading to charming alcoves and silent retreats."

After describing the geological characters of the rock, the author gives a particular account of the town; and of its inhabitants—their occupations, habits and character. There are very few English amongst them; and, on the whole, the life of an officer in the garrison is not very desirable—unless, like the author, he cultivate a taste for the study of nature.

The great bulk of the work is occupied with a synopsis of the plants which grow on the rock; and with general remarks on the characters of these plants and the vegetation of the neighbourhood. We could have wished to have seen a more careful analysis of the Flora of Gibraltar as compared with the Floras of other parts of Europe—and also of Africa and Asia. The question of the present distribution of plants has acquired great interest in relation to geological inquiries; and the materials for comparing one Flora with another are very abundant. In other respects, the volume is susceptible of improvement:—but to those who are likely to reside in Gibraltar, we can recommend it; and we would earnestly advise the young medical officers in the various branches of our public service to follow the example of Dr. Kelaart, in studying the natural history of the districts in which they may be placed.

Pen-and-Ink Sketches of Poets, Preachers and Politicians. Bogue.

Frequent as these light personal books have become—trifling as, for the most part, are their contents—yet, appealing as they do to an appetite so general as that of curiosity, they are sure of sufficient currency to reward the slight pains and small amount of talent required for their composition. Let us not, however, mis-state the matter; for there is a kind of tact involved in their production which is of more importance, as an element of success, than the degree of merit exhibited,—and is not, at the same time, to be despised. There may be more of observation in them than of reflection; but there *is* observation—a rarer gift than is commonly supposed. True, it deals chiefly with outlines and externals; but even these cannot be faithfully and graphically presented without suggesting resemblances and contrasts,—elevating, in fact, the mind of the thoughtful reader to the perception of relations which the author himself may never have intended.

The present volume opens with some Recollections of Robert Hall, that include lively dashes at Lord Brougham's prominent organ of Restlessness, and Sir James Mackintosh's contrasted Calm. The sketch, however, contains nothing novel,—or sufficiently remarkable, being old, for revival. The article on John Foster has more value; being, it is stated, the only memoir of that distinguished writer which has yet appeared. Mr. John Foster is better known as an essayist than a Baptist minister at Broadmead; and we read with interest, in these pages, that, from the moment when Robert Hall began to preach there, Foster resolved to cease lecturing, and became, though himself a good speaker, a patient listener to the great orator:—

"Not one of the published portraits give anything like an idea of Foster; the one by Branwhite resembles him when he was younger; but as we saw him, we should not have recognized in it any traces of the original. Mr. Foster's face was large, and the features massive; the forehead was very high, and pyramidal in shape, being broadest at its lower portion. His head was covered by a very evident curly wig, which one might at a glance discover was not of the most fashionable manufacture. A huge pair of silver spectacles, with circular glasses almost as big as penny pieces, nearly concealed two dark small eyes, which glistened brightly beneath a couple of shaggy eyebrows; the face was ploughed with deep lines, and the forehead furrowed all over with 'wrinkles of thought;' around his neck was a dingy white cravat, and his coat was ill-fitting, and of a rusty black. Altogether he was the most slovenly-looking man we ever saw in a pulpit. As we are not going to write a critique on Mr. Foster's sermon, we shall not dwell upon it, but confine ourselves principally to the describing his manner in the pulpit. After he had given out his text in a mumbling, gurgling, husky voice, he commenced somewhat in this way—'Now, I dare say some of you will think I am going to preach a very odd sermon from such an odd text;' and then he went on, gradually enlisting the attention of his hearers, whilst he described in magnificent language, the idol temples of the East. Soon, his congregation were wrapt in wonder and delight, as they listened to his gorgeous descriptions, and we do not think that one individual present stirred hand or foot until his glowing discourse came to an end. Then long-suspended breathing found indulgence in deep-drawn sighs, and every one gazed at every one else, and looked or nodded admiration. Some remained for a time with lips apart and eyes still fixed upon the pulpit, as if spell-bound; and all felt, on the termination of the discourse, a relief from the pressure on the intellect, which the ponderous stores, heaped on it from the magazine of the orator, had occasioned. * * Foster was a man of strong prejudices. In the year 1838, Robert Southey paid his last visit to his native city; and Mr. Foster was invited to meet him at the house of a mutual friend, but he declined doing so, and accompanied his refusal with some very severe remarks on what he called the Laureate's apostacy from his former principles. His antipathies did not, however, extend to Southey's *writings*. Take, for example, his review of the 'Chronicles of the Cid,' in which he does ample justice to the genius and industry of its author."

The portrait of an eminent contemporary of the two last originals is graphic:—

"William Thorpe was another celebrated preacher in Bristol during the times of Hall and Foster. Some one, Coleridge, we believe, who was intimate with all three, said that 'Hall's mind was a fountain exhaustless in its resources, and Thorpe's a reservoir vast in its capacity.' Mr. Thorpe possessed a prodigious memory, but he was by no means an original-minded man. Fancy, reader, a person of amazing bulk—a very Daniel Lambert in canonicals, and you will have a general idea of Mr. Thorpe. Physically considered, he was indeed a '*great* man;' and if the term were applied, too, to his mental organization, it would be by no means inapplicable. His face was large, and so fleshy, that the superabundant fat seemed to have availed itself of the laws of gravitation, and fallen down in huge folds beneath his chin. His head was partially bald, covered on the temples with short curly black hair; his eyes were dark and bright, and the mouth possessed a very sweet expression. Most bishop-like was his person, which, when attired in the gown, looked like a large terrestrial globe, with an equator of black silk girdling its majestic proportions. His arms, short, hung like the flippers of a monstrous turtle by his side, and, whenever he moved, the very pulpit creaked again. Mr. Thorpe's voice, as might be expected, from the depth and breadth of his chest, was sonorous and melodious; and occasionally, when he poured forth a very torrent of eloquence, it produced a most solemn impression. His forte was gorgeous description, and the exposition of the prophetic books. No one surpassed him in this respect. We have heard him hold an audience enchained for two mortal hours, by his wonderful power of word-painting, if such a word may be coined, to express just what we may mean. On one occasion, we well remember the prodigious impression which he produced by a sudden question; he had been describing the angel of death as hovering over the vast audience, with a scroll in his hands, on which was inscribed the names of those who would be his next victims. After a powerful passage, he suddenly paused, and then with solemn emphasis exclaimed, 'And who amongst you has his name written on that scroll?' This will not, perhaps, *tell* in narration, but the effect at the time was electrical."

The next noticeable person on our list of extracts is Hannah More. Of her, the author has attempted a sort of Daguerréotype portrait. The sketch contains a touching anecdote of Mrs. Garrick, which we do not remember to have seen before—though the fond remembrance, consecrating relics, which is its touching element, is preserved in many a more familiar one:—

"It is well known that Mrs. Garrick was most devotedly attached to her 'dear Davy,' as she called him. When the great tragedian died, his wife would not allow a single article in his room to be removed from its place; and as soon as the coffin was borne from the house, the room in which he died was locked up, and for thirty years no one was permitted to enter it. At the end of that period, Mrs. More informed me, she happened to be visiting her old friend Mrs. Garrick, whom she described as a little, bowed-down old woman, who went about leaning on a long gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning, and always talking of her 'dear Davy.' Some circumstances occurred which rendered it necessary that she should quit her residence, and Mrs. More was present with her when the long-closed room was opened. She said that when the door was thrown back on its hinges, and the window-shutters unbarred, the room was actually darkened by millions of moths, which arose from the mouldered bed and the hangings of the room—every square inch of the bed-furniture was eaten through and through, and, on the air being admitted, dropped to pieces. The solid articles of furniture alone remained uninjured—but the mouldy smell of everything around was so unendurable, that the place had to be fumigated before it was habitable, even for a short time."

We have also an account, in this volume, of a Mr. Gough, whom the writer calls a "Transatlantic Father Mathew":—and a portrait of Mrs. Hemans, which betrays evident false drawing. Then we have the author's description of Dr. Pusey's preaching:—

"His style of preaching was cold, tame, and spiritless. One of the solemn-looking, stony, monumental men who reclined in their niches, with hands, palm to palm, reverently placed on their breasts, might have arisen from his cold couch, gone into the pulpit, delivered such another sermon, and made, leaving the supernaturalness of the matter entirely out of the question, just about as great a sensation. His tones were feeble and harsh, and *if* his cold, dull, greyish eye did at times lighten up, the effect was but as that produced by the luminous mists which are seen in dank morasses, flickering, but not illuminating. Of the graces of oratory, there were literally none,—no action, no modulation of tone,—no harmonious combination of sound with sentiment. The sermon was coldly monotonous, and when, to my inexpressible relief, it terminated, I could not help muttering to myself—And can this be the head of the Puseyite School?"

The writer has entirely overlooked the fact, that the manner which he condemns is systematic—one of the Puseyite characteristics. Similar inapprehensiveness is shown regarding Wordsworth. The description of Coleridge is more justly appreciative, but still wanting in intelligence:—

"I had just returned from my Lake visit, referred to in the preceding pages, and was strolling in a beautiful meadow of romantic site, five miles from the metropolis, and outside of the village of Highgate, when I passed a rather corpulent, clerkly-looking man of the middle size, sauntering along, the autumn evening being a glorious one, when a courteous kind of voice said, 'Look to your pocket-handkerchief, sir,' which was, indeed, nearly trailing the ground behind. Turning to thank him, I saw a pale, rather heavy, phlegmatic-looking face, apparently of from fifty to sixty years' standing, with grey hairs, grey eyes, of a benign expression, yet somewhat inexpressive as a whole, marked with a peculiar languor, that might be a calm interval of pain, or profound pensiveness, or an absence of mind that often mimics deep thought, when perhaps the mind rests from thinking. His twinkling eyes seemed to enjoy the landscape. A rich sweep of meadows far below our feet closed by the renowned metropolis, its vast over-

hanging cloud now actually adorning the view, being umbered by the level sun—a dusky red aerial roof of majestic circular extent, in the boundless fading blue, dim cupolas, and spires innumerable glittering or darkening beneath it; in the midst one, in form and stature proudly eminent, rising dark as a rock of black marble, and as stupendous—St. Paul's Cathedral. 'The clergyman of Highgate, possibly,' I said to myself. Yet there was a something of the remains of troublous thinking, a look of worn and wearied sensibility, that hardly suited the idea of fat, contented piety 'looking downward on the earth,' which, as yielding an English clergyman a tenth of the treasures of her 'ample lap,' may very reasonably attract down to her even the eye of an enlightened son of mother church. He looked very like a comfortable priest, at least, and only that cast of thought redeemed the whole outer man from fulfilling the idea of Thomson's 'round fat oily man of God.' What if *that* should be Coleridge himself?' I meditated again; and reconnoitred my gentleman from a distance, whose only business seemed the same as mine, to catch the last of a glorious day unbroken by walls. 'After all, perhaps, he is one of the happy, sleek cits located in romantic Highgate, just waiting 'dinner going up'; and now he seemed fixed in reverie, gazing at mighty London, (from this point of view truly picturesque). 'He's trying *now* to guess exactly the whereabout of his little dusky room behind a huge warehouse in the Minories, or the old alley streets, that unluckily escaped the fire; now he looks at his watch. Ah! he smells, in the fine frenzy of gastric imagination, the soup!' Unworthy conjecture!—no—his *was* the poet's eye—he *was* admiring nature; albeit all Cockaigne was in his cue. It *was* Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the metaphysician and poet—both, or must not truth almost say *neither*, or not the perfection of either, through the collision of the two characters? I had in my pocket letters from the North, partly introductory, and, next day, recognized the saviour of my bit of silk in the celebrated inmate of Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate. * * He told me that he owed all his poetical inspiration to Bowles's sonnets. He has said, I believe, the same in his Life, which I cannot say I ever met with; and not only his love for poetry, but his fortunate reclamation from a rage for metaphysical disputation that threatened to utterly engross his entire mind. Probably many will think that he never *was* cured—that his dreaminess still runs into his poetry, and the fantastic creations of his imagination turn all his philosophy into dreams. His metaphysics sorely clog the wings of his fancy: Pegasus falls into a heavy trot over thorny ground full of old roots, and his fancy flies away with him while theorizing up to the 'highest heaven of invention,' leaving common sense to wonder at his vast flight to the clouds, and how far within none know, until he comes down again with a demonstration from Latmos, or some such grand mount, blessed with lunar favour and influence. * * He inquired about Edinburgh chit-chat with ostensible indifference, but ill-concealed eagerness, especially of the doings and sayings of the great little pole-star of the literary world—Jeffrey, whose battery of long range against him, as one of the 'knot of hypochondriacal and whining poets that haunt the Lakes,' as he wickedly described them, evidently broke through his habitually lofty elevation of thoughts, which kept, or seemed to keep, a calm for ever round him. He even anxiously hinted repeatedly his non-relationship to that family, in a manner which I fancy his friend Wordsworth (whose opinion of Coleridge I had listened to not a fortnight before) would have deemed an 'unkind cut' at least, and Southey not less so. Of his friend Wordsworth, however, he spoke with admiration, though disclaiming for himself, as well as him, all pretension to be considered of any school, much less founders of one. Yet Wordsworth enunciated the pretension himself in the long preamble to the Lyrical Ballads, and the fact seemed certain; but it was not for me to controvert so eminent a man's manifesto of abdication for himself and compeers. Mr. Wordsworth had, however, so recently maintained the precise contrary, even to eager vindication of its peculiar tenets, as constituting a new 'school,' chiefly that the most familiar dialect is fit for poetry, and the humblest subjects for its matter, that I felt rather astonished, and thought that poets differed more widely even than doctors. At a subsequent interview, Mr. Coleridge favoured me with some hints of an attempt on his own life—which I found afterwards was even then almost completed, being published either that year or the next. I refer to the 'Biographia Literaria.' I fancied then that it was one of the shadowy embryos of his fertile mind, never to be embodied, for he was never without a project, and the last was usually the chosen one, his well-beloved above the rest, on which he proposed to 'build his fame.'"

Then, we have a glimpse at Charles Lamb and his sister:—

"I think it was on a Sunday that, entering Mr. Coleridge's residence, I passed in the hall a plain, quizzical, slightly-made little gentleman and a lady, just departing to catch the last Highgate stage to London. The lingering of the cheerful couple at the door with their host seemed to indicate reluctance to end their pleasant day. I found that this was the facetious, the feeling, the fancy-fraught, the delightful 'Elia.' I could hear a parting *bon-mot* let off, which hung fire as usual; Lamb's stutter never being wholly forgotten, as I believe is usual with persons liable to that infirmity. It elicited his sister's ready laugh, however, and the more restrained response in the fashion of the thoughtful poet. Lamb's dress was black; he wore small-clothes and high gaiters. His stature was low; his whole figure so slight, as to appear more diminutive, perhaps, than it really was. He said he was as tall as Kean; but of this, as I never saw Edmund off the stage, I cannot judge. His forehead was ample; his hair dark, thick, and curling; his head, indeed, looking rather too big for its support, but it was what would have been deemed a very fine one on a 'fine man,' according to vulgar *parlance*. His nose was aquiline, and the mouth very expressive. The melancholy and mirth of the inner man seemed peculiarly depicted on his pensive yet half-smiling countenance."

The following adventure, related of Shelley, reads, we are bound to say, somewhat apocryphal. That it is, at any rate, an incorrect version, can scarcely be doubted:—

"I had crossed the fine fields between Highgate and Hampstead to the latter place, when just entering on the Heath, at rather a late hour, I was startled by a sort of disturbance among a few persons at the door of a large house. Drawing near, I perceived what seemed the lifeless body of a woman, by the imperfect light of one lantern, upheld in a half-sitting posture, with lolling head, by a tall young man, evidently no vulgar brawler by his speech, but in a highly excited state, who seemed disposed to force an entrance with his senseless charge, which two or three men-servants resisted. There was a voice, or more than one, almost screaming from within,—the tall stranger's tones were as high without; all were too busy to have satisfied any inquiry; and in the midst of uproar, the sound of wheels was heard—it was the carriage of the master of the mansion returning home. To him, who seemed astonished at the scene, the friend of the dead or dying woman turned, and detained him on the steps of the carriage, before he could set foot on the ground, pointing at the same time to the female figure. The servants, however, quickly explaining the cause of the turmoil, angry words passed, and he was no nearer to his benevolent object—the introducing his burden (which he had brought on his back from Heaven knows where) into the house. Some wine, and restoratives, and volatile essences, and smelling-bottles, were sent out from the dwelling, and I was gratified to find the 'suspended animation' of the sufferer itself happily suspended so far as to admit the entrance of a whole glass of wine, her deglutition seeming to me better than 'could be expected.' It was a young woman in draggled plight, but her features were hardly visible where I stood. Her humane but unreflecting friend had found her in a fit, or fainting from illness, and insisted, on the score of humanity, on the admission *for the night* of this poor woman into the strange gentleman's house; so I was informed afterwards. He forgot that, he himself being unknown, the inmates might justly fear that it was a *ruse* to rob the house, concocted between some 'Jack Sheppard' of the day and his lady; or even if he could have proved his own respectability, he could not answer for hers. The air was no bad aid to recovery from syncope, and every relief but a lodging was afforded, as I have shown. This did not content Percy Bysshe Shelley, for he it was; but he vociferated a philippic against the selfishness of the aristocracy; he almost wept; he stood prophesying downfall to the unfeeling higher orders! a servile war! a second edition, in England, of the bloody tragedy of the French revolution, and I know not what more; the gentleman being at all this very indignant, and the servants insolently bantering him. Indeed, one could not well wonder at this, for his gestures and deportment were like those of a madman. Meanwhile, his female *protégé*, finding attention directed from herself to the parties quarrelling, very quietly adjusted her drapery, seemingly making up her mind that no more relief was likely to be forthcoming; and I fancied that her tones, when she made some passing remark, were of the harsh, hoarse, unfeminine kind, which is soon acquired by those wretched women who perambulate London streets after nightfall, in cold and damp weather, when on the very brink of starvation."

One of the best sketches in this somewhat indifferent gallery is that of Hazlitt:—

"In his parlour, which was well furnished, (a back room, and very still, the street being little of a thoroughfare,) sate a middle-aged man, slippered, and in a dishabille indicating recent uprising, (he had probably not retired until it was day-break). He had rather hard but strongly-marked features, which only became expressive after much drawing out of his feeling by intercourse. He received me with what appeared shyness, or reluctance to be disturbed, but which I afterwards found to be his habit at first meeting. His tones were quite as low as those of Coleridge; when not excited, they were almost plaintive or querulous, but his placidity breathed more of unconscious pensiveness than that of his brother thinker, whose complacent meekness always rather savoured of *acting*, at least of a conscious attention to sage or martyr-like bearing, until his aroused enthusiasm broke through all, elevated his tones and even stature, and the man was forgotten in the inspired declaimer. Both these men were living in marital celibacy; that is, married, but separated; the lady of each could say of each, 'his soul is like a star, and dwells apart.' The secrets of married homes, like those of the last long home, should be let alone, for clouds and darkness always hang over them to third parties. I have only to do with the literary 'star,' not the frail mortal, except so far as the latter may be pleased to reveal *himself*. The soft-looked maiden who announced me having withdrawn, he proffered me a cup of his strong tea, seemingly without lacteal adulteration, to employ me whilst he made up his packet for the boy who was in waiting to convey it to the printing-office. I had brought him some letters from Edinburgh,—an object, at that time, to those who maintained a large correspondence, for there was no penny postage in those days; and amongst them a parcel of missives from Mr. Jeffrey, at my mention of whose name his features seemed at once lit up, as a dark lake is irradiated by the flash of a sunbeam. Some thought darted from behind his rather troubled and fretful-looking phiz, which I do not agree with some persons in calling handsome, and his languor and constraint of manner, that had almost damped me into dislike, gradually wore off, and ease, cordiality, warmth, and at last outbreaks of uttered feeling in unstudied eloquence, as we conversed, created, in a manner, a new being before my eyes; and then, and not till then, I could harmonize the two ideas which before clashed strangely,—the vivacious, high-spirited, rampant author, pugnacious as those who monthly and quarterly baited him, and the low-spirited, low-spoken, almost whining recluse, sitting over his solitary tea at midday, whom I had half disliked while I pitied. I could now imagine in the energetic speaker before me, the ill-used, insulted, belied—highly-gifted, but rather perversely given to startling paradox and literary dandyism—William Hazlitt."

In the next attempt the writer has been fortunate in his subject:—

"In the month of July, 1824, the body of Lord Byron was brought from Missolonghi to England, and on being landed from the 'Florida,' was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, who then resided in Great George Street, Westminster. Having availed myself of peculiar facilities, I saw, on one

occasion, the corpse of the poet—the lid of the coffin being for some necessary purpose removed. It was at night that the work of opening the shell commenced. This was soon effected, and when the last covering was removed, we beheld the face of the illustrious dead,

All cold and all serene.

Were I to live a thousand years, I should never, never forget that moment. For years I had been intimate with the mind of Byron. His wondrous works had thrown a charm around my daily paths, and with all the enthusiasm of youth I had almost adored his genius. With his features, through the medium of paintings, I had been familiar from my boyhood; and now, far more beautiful, even in death, than my most vivid fancy had ever pictured, there they lay in marble repose. The body was not attired in that most awful of habiliments—a shroud. It was wrapped in a blue cloth cloak, and the throat and head were uncovered. The former was beautifully moulded. The head of the poet was covered with short, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with grey hairs, especially over the temples, which were ample and free from hair, as we see in the portraits. The face had nothing of the appearance of death about it—it was neither sunken nor discoloured in the least, but of a dead, marble whiteness—the expression was that of stern quietude. How classically beautiful was the curved upper lip and the chin. I fancied the nose appeared as if it was not in harmony with the other features; but it might possibly have been a little disfigured by the process of embalming. The forehead was high and broad—indeed, the whole head was extremely large—it must have been so, to have contained a brain of such capacity. But what struck me most was the exceeding beauty of the *profile*, as I observed it when the head was lifted, for the purpose of adjusting the furniture. It was perfect in its way, and seemed like a production of Phidias. Indeed, it far more resembled an exquisite piece of sculpture than the face of the dead—so still, so sharply defined, and so marble-like in its repose. I caught the view of it but for a moment; yet it was long enough to have it stamped upon my memory as

A thing of beauty,

which poor Keats tells us is 'a joy for ever.' It is indeed a melancholy joy to me to have gazed upon the silent poet. As Washington Irving says of the old sexton, who crept into the vault where Shakspere was entombed, and beheld there the dust of ages, 'It was something even to have seen the dust of Byron.'"

There are other sketches: and of these Robert Southey and Joseph Cottle, Abernethy and Faraday, Paganini, Joanna Baillie, Count d'Orsay, James Montgomery, Edward Irving, Sir Robert Peel, Cobbett, and other political characters, are hit off with various degrees of effect,—but not with sufficient insight into character to justify quotation. The author is, unfortunately, somewhat deficient in the literary qualifications for the task which he has undertaken.

America, its Realities and Resources: comprising Important Details connected with the present Social, Political, Agricultural, Commercial, and Financial State of the Country, its Laws and Customs, &c. By Francis Wyse, Esq. 3 vols. Newby.

THE author of this ample work professes to fill up a chasm which exists in our literature in respect to the American character and institutions,—which he believes to be little, if at all, understood in this country. He rightly observes, that former writers, in general, have done scarcely more than give us a detail of their own personal adventures, with "observations resulting from an imperfect or hurried intercourse with a people who are ever apprehensive of a discovery of their individual and national character, with the imperfections and many eccentricities by which they are distinguished." He is determined that, in future, correct information shall be accessible to English readers on every point worth knowing:—

"To supply the void that thus exists—to present the British public with some correct data on which to ground its opinions, and to furnish the emigrant of all grades and professions, with every useful instruction to assist and guide him in his hazardous undertaking, are the objects which the author contemplates in the present work. The real character of the Americans in the United States—their habits and social organization, as well as their political influence and power, he believes to be but imperfectly understood in this country; much less the complex nature of their laws—their uncertain influence, with the slender protection that they afford to either property or human life."

At the very outset of our remarks, we are bound to say that Mr. Wyse gives very little information likely to be of use to the most numerous class of emigrants, viz. the agricultural. Indeed, he has none to give beyond what he has gathered from books, or personal intercourse with men who have visited the interior of the continent. Excepting a hurried visit or two to the lakes, he seems to have passed his time chiefly in New York and Philadelphia; and beyond what passes in the great Atlantic cities he is not very conversant with American life. He has brought forward, indeed, a great number of statistic tables, to illustrate—or rather to serve as the foundation of—his remarks; but as these are to be found printed in every variety of form, from the American almanack to geographical works of some pretension, we do not exactly see what object they are intended to fulfil, unless it be to swell the size and price of the book. He cannot but know that most of the matter thus needlessly collected has frequently appeared in English works; and that it is accessible in American ones at a price much less than that which he here asks from the public.

But we have a graver charge to bring against Mr. Wyse—that of pandering to the worst prejudices against everything trans-Atlantic. In this respect, we have rarely seen a more exceptionable book. It is uncandid, illiberal, unfair,—not occasionally, but systematically. It is unfair even where true; inasmuch as the statement of a fact, without allusion to the circumstances that qualify it, is almost as bad as direct falsehood. Whether Mr. Wyse be a disappointed man or not, is best known to himself; but he writes in such a temper as to lead to the inference. He seems to look at everything American with the eye not merely of prejudice, but of dislike—deeply-rooted and long confirmed. What useful teaching is to be extracted from such a sentiment? We deprecate any further exhibitions of spleen,—especially extending to three octavo volumes. Of such, large or small, we have had more than enough. To create or confirm bad feeling on either side of the Atlantic is not the legitimate province of literature. The present book, we are sorry to say, is calculated to have such effects. It will exasperate the Americans and afford increased materials for the indulgence of party rancour at home.

In these strictures, let it not be supposed that we are more blind than Mr. Wyse to the defects of the Americans. Their all-absorbing selfishness,—their lax morality when a present interest is to be gained,—their universal worship of wealth, — their political corruption, — and their hatred of the British name,—are as evident as their lighter vices. These, we admit, are legitimate subjects of comment, both with natives and foreigners; and natives and foreigners have not neglected to notice them. But then, justice requires that such comments should be made with temper—with a view to amend rather than to exasperate — in sorrow more than anger. Still more strongly does justice demand that the innocent should not be confounded with the guilty. Because *some* of the States have repudiated their debts, we have no right to affix on all the brand of infamy. There are in America men as high-minded, honourable, and virtuous in every sense of the word, as can be found in England, or any other country. They may not, perhaps, bear so large a proportion to the entire population as in some European states; but, at all events, they exist,—a fact which Mr. Wyse and others of the same party would fain conceal; and what is more, they exist in numbers sufficient to redeem the republic from our hatred and disgust—which that party would foster.

From these censures, it might be inferred that we do not consider the book before us as deserving of even a passing notice. In itself, it may not; but we have more than one special reason for directing public attention to it. If the newspapers are to be trusted, emigration from Ireland is at this moment more general than it has been for many years, or perhaps at any former period. It is high time that the deluded emigrants should know what kind of a reception awaits them in the famous republic. They may rely upon it that no foreigners are welcome; and least of all the Irish, who are utterly detested throughout the Union. This is a matter in which the evidence of Mr. Wyse may be safely admitted:—

"To such an extent has this ignoble and ungenerous feeling against the European stranger been of late carried, that associations have been organized in many parts of the republic to give it increased energy and direction, under the name or title of the 'Native American' or republican party, and whose acknowledged purpose is, to check emigration, by enforcing a change in the general and municipal laws of the country, as affects strangers, withholding from them many of the political privileges they now exercise, at the same time controlling, by an almost prohibitory enactment, their arrival in the country."

The objects of this party are significant enough; and deserving of the most serious attention from men who design to make the republic their home:—

"1st. 'The entire repeal of the present naturalization laws, and the prescribing twenty-one years' residence as the future limit to which any Foreigner shall be admitted to the rights of citizenship.' 2ndly. 'The withholding from all Foreigners at all times, and under all and every circumstances, the right to be appointed to office—to legislate—administer or execute the laws of the country.' 3rdly. 'The repeal of the present common school law, and the re-enactment of the public school law in its stead; thereby enforcing the introduction of the *Bible*, without "*note or comment*," as an universal school-book throughout the various public schools of the country.' This latter, though directed against the Roman Catholic population generally, is especially intended to operate against the Irish emigrants and their descendants, and to debar them from the advantages of gratuitous or public instruction."

Why, it may be asked, is the arrival of foreigners so much dreaded? Precisely for the reason which makes Irish labourers disliked by the English,—because they work for lower wages, and glut the market. "They drive our native workmen," says the Mayor of New York, "into exile, where they must war again with the savage and the wilderness, encounter again the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and meet death beyond the region of civilization and of home." But, as we have said, the Irish are the most detested of all immigrants. Hear an Irishman:—

"Twice within the present year has Philadelphia, the second of American cities, become a prey to the wild disorders of an unrestrained licentiousness; originating in the party strifes, for such has been their character, of the 'Native American Party,' including amongst them the reckless and discontented outpourings of American society within its limit, and the Catholic or Irish emigrant population of that devoted city; against whom the tide of popular fury was for several successive days directed. Numerous

lives fell the sacrifice, whilst upwards of one hundred houses were burnt to the ground: including also several of the Catholic churches or houses of public worship; the convent of the Sisters of Charity; the residences and libraries of the Catholic priesthood, as well as the schools of the Catholic emigrant population."

Again:—

"To such an extreme is this unreasonable and very uncharitable feeling, this dislike, carried, so inveterate the hostility of most Americans, the more especially of those who have been denied the advantages of European travel or enlarged intercourse with the world, to everything of Irish origin, or in the remotest degree connected with the country, that the mere fact of being an Irishman, is all but considered a crime in American belief, and though not classed under any modern statutory enactment, is almost sufficient to warrant his conviction if arraigned before an American jury on any other charge."

The following is still worse:—

"Nay, so general, we re-assert, is the feeling against Irishmen in America, that even in the city of New York, where the population would appear, from recent reports that have reached this side to have been lately seized with a kind of Repeal monomania, we have seen Irishmen, and of the most peaceable and respectful deportment, turned out of their shops, or stores, even before that they had time to make known their wants, or the object of their visit; the proprietors or inmates refusing to hold any business intercourse with them: and when that we had remonstrated upon this unseemly treatment, well remember being told, that the Irish were generally of so low and degraded a caste in the scale of human intelligence, that it would be a waste of time, and utterly profitless in attending to their inquiries, or in any way dealing with them."

We know, from other sources, that there is no exaggeration in these remarks. We have personally witnessed instances of the feeling worse than any which we have extracted. But it is useless to pursue the disagreeable theme. What, in return, does the emigrant, English or Irish, gain by establishing himself in the republic? Probably he must journey far west before he can obtain employment of any kind; and when he does so, he becomes a slave for the rest of his life,—in all probability no long *rest*, for the climate and the disorders peculiar to it make short work of European constitutions. And if he survive, what is the result? In nineteen cases out of twenty, he is as poor as if he had never left his native home; though his exertions have been four times greater and his privations immeasurably more severe than any he could have endured amongst his kindred and friends. He finds, when too late, that half the amount of industry and frugality which he has displayed in the New World—and which yet has left him poor—would, in the Old, have led to comparative comfort. Such, whatever emigration societies and ship-agents may say, is the melancholy truth;—and it is well known to every one who has resided in the United States.

A second subject of interest, at the present moment, and less known than it ought to be, is the institution of secret lodges for the destruction of British influence on the American continent. Before the proclamation of President Tyler, in 1841, directed against all who openly assisted the Canadian rebels, England probably had no suspicion that such institutions existed; still less that they were numerous, organized with great art, and effectually operative. Yet, before that year, the Canadian newspapers frequently bore evidence, not only of their existence, but of their baneful and daily increasing activity. At the present time, owing to causes sufficiently obvious, that activity is greater than ever. We know not what authority Mr. Wyse may have for some of his numerical statements on this subject; but we do know that the lodges are mischievously active, very numerous and very formidable, — and that no efforts are spared to increase their number:—

"In May, 1838, the first lodges were formed; and rapidly extended their various ramifications, into every intersection of the United States. Their object will be best understood from the form of oath administered to their members. It is as follows:—'I —— do swear to do my utmost to promote republican institutions and ideas throughout the world; to cherish them, to defend them, and especially to devote myself to the propagation, protection and defence of these institutions in North America. I pledge my life, my property, and my honour to the Association. I bind myself to its interests; and I promise, until death, that I will attack, combat, and help to destroy, by all means that my superior may think proper, every power or authority of royal origin upon this Continent; and especially never to rest till the British tyrants cease to have any possession or footing whatever in North America. So help me God.' The organization of the Association is said to be divided into three principal branches—the political, military, and financial; which three branches are again subdivided into many sections. The classification of the members is as follows:—1. A Grand Sasanen, or Grand Master—(Chief President). 2. Grand Eagles—(Presidents of the different States). 3. Eagles—(Chiefs of Counties). 4. Grand Leaders—(Chiefs of Districts). 5. Grand Hunters—(Chiefs of Townships). 6. Chief Hunters—(Chiefs of Lodges). 7. Hunters. The Supreme Lodge may be called the executive and consultative council of the Sasanen; but in order to give a correct idea of the organization of the whole, it may be necessary to state the different ranks and classifications. An inferior lodge is formed of twenty to thirty common hunters, having for a head a chief hunter; twenty to thirty of these chief hunters form the lodge of a grand hunter; twenty grand hunters form the lodge of a grand leader. The grand leaders are members of the council of the eagle, whilst two or more eagles have consultative votes in the direction of the society under the grand eagle in each State. By the rule of the society, every member of whatever rank is obliged to provide himself with a rifle, or musquet, a sword or dagger, and have always in his habitation forty charges of powder; he is obliged to pay the following contributions:—common hunter, two cents per week, or a dollar per year; a chief hunter, six and a quarter cents per week, or three dollars per year; a grand hunter, twelve and a half cents per week, or six dollars per year; a grand leader, twenty-five cents per week, or twelve dollars per year; an eagle, thirty-seven and three-quarter cents per week, or sixteen dollars per year; grand eagle, fifty cents per week, or twenty dollars per year; Sasanen, one dollar per week, or fifty dollars per year: besides, a dollar is paid as entrance money, and a dollar, on the election of any rank. The whole of this sum is kept at the disposal of the Supreme Council, and is generally used, partly to provide arms and ammunition for the poorer members, who cannot afford to buy them themselves; to support newspapers and publications, edited in the interest of the Association; in paying emissaries, lecturers, postages, and accumulating deposits of arms, cannon, and so forth. The number of lodges in the last year were as follows:—Maine, 99; Vermont, 107; New York, 283; Michigan, 54; Wisconsin, 7; Illinois, 21; Indiana, 14; Ohio, 86; Pennsylvania, 49; Kentucky, 11; Virginia, 21; Maryland, 16; Delaware, 2; New Jersey, 17; Missouri, 39; Iowa, 3; Louisiana, 11; New Hampshire, 78; Massachusetts, 89; Rhode Island, 15; Connecticut, 68; Lower Canada, nearly the whole of the French population are organized in lodges; Upper Canada, 84. There are a few lodges in New Brunswick, and a few scattered in other parts. The numbers of lodges in the States not mentioned may amount to from 50 to 100. The number of members taken at the minimum may be fairly calculated at eighty thousand able-bodied men, and there are not fewer than twelve thousand voters in the Association. The funds, donations, extra contributions, and a rigid economy in 1839, 40, and part of 41, had so much increased as to save above three hundred thousand dollars as a reserve."

That such lodges should exist in Canada is melancholy enough; and still more so that some English, many Irish, and more Scotchmen, should be members of them. But, melancholy as it is, it ought to be more generally known. In the event of hostilities between England and the States, they will assuredly be found to have been the chief cause; and as surely will they do their best to perpetuate the struggle, until we have no longer an inch of ground in the western hemisphere.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Calcutta Review.—We have received some of the early numbers of this review;—a quarterly publication which has, we believe, attained to a high character in the East, and merits bringing under the notice of our British readers. The nature and scene of this work make it one of the exceptions to that necessary rule by which we are generally precluded from any notice of the many publications, like our own essentially periodical, which issue from the press. But a publication conducted as this appears to be, and having local access to a great variety of valuable information relative to our Indian empire, is at once a variety which demands a word of recognition and an important addition to our means of public intelligence. Such a work may be made a useful agency for the elevation of the people among whom it is published; and its appearance there, and the success which it has met with, are, in the meantime, very favourable testimonies to the present condition at once of the Indian press and people. The position which the *Calcutta Review* has, as we are informed, taken in India, where its statements can be subjected to immediate and sure testing, speaks well for the character of the knowledge which it conveys; and a hasty glance over the numbers has satisfied us that there are variety and novelty enough in that knowledge to render it deserving of a European circulation.

The Cairn.—The second title of this book, 'A Gathering of Precious Stones from Many Hands'—is needed to explain the connexion between the first, or leading, one and the contents. The volume is, in fact, a lady's common-place book—that mingles contributions from friends with the selections of her own taste—printed. The example is an evil one,—whose spreading we earnestly deprecate. It requires no little nerve to contemplate, even in idea, the common-place books that are such nuisances in their own separate circles let loose upon the public. Against such an invasion of the press may all good literary influences defend us! No reviewer dare meddle with the Poetry of *that* Million:—there must be a limit to the narcotic experiment upon the people. It is sufficient to add, that the several pages of the 'Cairn' are framed (we wish, for the reason given, that they had been glazed, and kept at home,) and that the collector writes herself 'A Soldier's Daughter.'

Chollerton; a Tale of Our Own Times. By a Lady.—Does it never occur to anyone believing in the efficacy of religious novels to remark how very few of the class are written by "a Gentleman"? Long ago, [No. 379,] we had occasion to descant on the superior quickness of feminine ingenuity in fiction, as displayed by a Lee, a Porter, a More, a Radcliffe, an Edgeworth, an Austen, &c. But this persevering resolution to teach patent piety by aid of narrative is an affair of feminine enthusiasm, not inventiveness: and, however we may sympathize with its sincerity, we cannot subscribe to it as rational. Are there no other ways of authenticating the infallibility of one's own method than by writing weak sectarian novels; where every incident is dovetailed to its neighbour, every change of creed coloured as "Fate *and* Lady Londonderry" please,—and High Church or Low Church set up as supreme with the feeble fondness of a child's *make-believe*, who *says* that his snow-man is upright because he cannot make him stand so? We do not rate among those contemners of "the sex" (a fast dwindling race) who used to say to the authoress,—

> Your pens and poetry lay by,
> And learn to mend your stockings!—

but such an effort as 'Chollerton' is, in our view, "a dissemination of goose" not in a Lady's proper sphere. If her elected interpretation of Bible and Prayer-book—if the wholesomeness of fasting and the sanctity of an unmarried clergy—if the pattern of an altar-cloth

and the illegibility of mottos in painted glass windows, *be* matters on which the stability of the true Church of England depends, they will hardly be enforced by the old lack-a-daisical combinations of an undecided neophyte and a perfect priest, an impulsive young lady who steals away her bosom-friend's lover and a fickle young baronet who is stolen—except upon intellects so entirely puerile as to be hardly worth bringing under authority. Week after week, do we go on admitting "good intentions" by way of excuse for such feeble productions as this. We are, therefore, justified in asking, from time to time, how far good intentions can consist with such an entire want of humility as converts workers in "slea silk" into Morning or Evening Lecturers on "Predestination"?—Let us add, however, that 'Chollerton' is not the worst of these *panada* books.

Progression by Antagonism. A Theory. By Lord Lindsay.—We regret the publication of this work. Lord Lindsay is an amiable man and a pleasing writer; but has here mistaken crude guesses for original thought and fanciful speculations for philosophic theory.

A Practical Manual of Elocution. Embracing Voice and Gesture. By M. Caldwell.—An American book—inculcating more than a sufficiency of tones and attitudes;—more, certainly, than would be found agreeable to English taste. Some of them we should consider extravagant, and more of them useless.

History of the Succession of the Roman Emperors. With the Prices of their Coins.—This is a numismatic manual; prepared for the use of persons who wish to have a small series, or collection, of interesting medals. The names of the Emperors are given in chronological order; with the leading facts and dates of their lives and reigns, in half-a-dozen lines, or less—and such prices of their several coins, affixed, as will insure good specimens.

Appeal to the British Nation on the Greatest Reform yet remaining to be accomplished. By J. S. Buckingham.—An earnest appeal for temperance, to the extent of teetotalism—including a summary of the argument—read by Mr. Buckingham at the "World's Convention," as it is called, which has been lately assembled in London for the promotion of the cause.

Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan and the Defence of Jellalabad. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig.—This thirty-fourth volume of Murray's *Home and Colonial Library* is by no means the least interesting of the series. The "Principal Chaplain to the Forces" is far more at home in his chronicles of Sale's Brigade than in his 'Chronicles of Waltham;' and has here detailed the achievements of that remarkable campaign with his usual ease and spirit of style. The narrative—its portable form considered—is welcome. Volume the *thirty-fifth* of this judiciously-varied and well-sustained publication is a reprint of the lively 'Letters from Madras, by a Lady,' noticed in the *Athenæum*, No. 816.

Discourses and Essays. By J. H. M. D'Aubigné, D.D.—In these discourses, as in his other writings, Dr. D'Aubigné endeavours to prove that Calvinism is the best of all forms of the Christian faith; and that Calvin was superior in intellect and principle to all the other reformers. One long discourse is devoted to a comparison between the theological schools of Geneva and Oxford. The Genevese divine assails Puseyism with a goodly array of metaphors and similitudes; but he is rather too sparing of argument,—and too ready to substitute assertion for reasoning, and hazard bold prediction where simple refutation alone was necessary.

Costume in England. By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.—With the contents and purpose of this handsome volume the public have already made some acquaintance in the columns of the *Art-Union*, in their shape of a series of papers contributed to that periodical, under the title of 'Notes on British Costume.' These notices, and the accompanying representations which illustrate them, are now reproduced in a collected form; with the addition of information which has nearly trebled their amount, and of many new and curious illustrations. An illustrated glossary of terms for all articles of use or ornament worn about the person has, also, been appended;—and the work is, now, offered as 'A History of Dress, from the Earliest Period till the Close of the 18th Century.'

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abbotsford Waverley Novels, Vol. XI. royal 8vo. 28s. cl.
Ballads of the East, and other Poems, square crown 8vo. 4s. swd.
Bogue's European Library, Vol. XI. Guizot's 'History of Civilization,' Vol. III. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Braithwaite's (W.) Retrospect of Medicine, Vol. VI. 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.
Burke's Dictionary of the Landed Gentry, complete, (uniform with the Peerage), 2 vols. royal 8vo. 2l. 10s. cl.
Carlyle's (T.) Heroes and Hero-Worship, 3rd edit. 12mo. 9s. cl.
Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts, Vol. XII. 12mo. 1s. bds.
Chapman & Hall's Series, 'Camp and Barrack Room;' or, the British Army as it is,' crown 8vo. 9s. cl.
Chapman & Hall's Series, Vols. I. to X. crown 8vo. 9s. each, cl.
Christian Sects in the Nineteenth Century, 'Small Books on Great Subjects,' Vol. XI. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
De Porquet's Conversational Exercises in French Language, 3s. 6d.
English Churchwomen of the Seventeenth Century, new ed. 12mo. 5s.
Evelyn Stuart; or, Right versus Might, by Adrian, 3 vols. 31s. 6d.
Faber's (Rev. G. S.) Treatise on the Operations of the Holy Spirit, 6th edit. fc. 8vo. 4s. cl.
Fawn (The) of Sertorius, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. cl.
Fielding's (T. H.) Theory and Practice of Painting in Oil and Water Colours for Landscape and Portraits, plain and col. plates, 31s. 6d.
Hodgson's (C. P.) Reminiscences of Australia, with Hints on the Squatter's Life, crown 8vo. 10s. cl.
Ingram's (A.) Euclid's Plane Geometry and Trigonometry, by Trotter, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Jarrold's Farmer's Labour Account Book, folio, 4s. 6d. hf-bd.
Jenyns's (Rev. L.) Observations in Natural History, pt. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Mackay's (Dr. C.) Voices from the Crowd, and other Poems, 1s. swd.
Maskell's (Rev. W.) Ancient Liturgy of Church of England, 15s. cl.
Maskell's (Rev. W.) Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, 30s.
Murray's Colonial Library, Vol. XVIII. 'Wild Sports of the Highlands,' 12mo. 6s. cl.
Ocean Flowers and their Teachings, by Author of 'Wild Flowers and their Teachings,' 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Paley's Natural Theology, new edit. 8vo. 5s. bds.
Penscelwood Papers, by Author of 'Dr. Hookwell,' 2 vols. pt. 8vo. 21s.
Richardson's (Mrs., formerly Betty Smales) Poems, 12mo. 5s. cl.
Scott's (Sir W.) Tales of a Grandfather, People's Ed. 6s. cl., 5s. 6d. swd.
Shillito's (W.) Tabular Short-Hand, 8vo. 5s. cl.
Ship of Glass (The), a Romance, by H. Jennings, Esq. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.
System of Mathematics, Scottish School-Book Association, 12mo. 5s.
Trollope's (Mrs.) Travels and Travellers, a Series of Sketches, 21s. cl.
Warren's (J.) Hints to Young Composers, 18mo. 3s. cl.
Waterhouse's (G.) Natural History of the Mammalia, Vol. I. 8vo. plain, 29s. cl.; col. 34s. 6d. cl.

THE DEATH OF SPRING.

Weep for the virgin Spring—
For your dead nurse, young flowers!
And o'er her fair corse fling
Sweets the soft wind deflours
From vales more blest than Proserpina's bowers,
Renowned in Attic song,—
More rich than Enna of the golden days
In the bright joyance of your gentle eyes,
Which glad the pilgrim who all lonely strays.
With the low music of your tender sighs
Her dirge prolong!

She came with the primrose wreathed
In the folds of her sunny hair:—
Where late the snow-drop breathed
Its white life forth to the absorbing air,
Her step descended there.
Like a young bride, all grace, all loveliness,
She walked the earth;
And where her silvery footfall deigned to press,
Was heard the mirth
Of unimprisoned waters, gaily singing
Songs of their lucent clime!
While on their margents green her hands were flinging
Stars of an earthly firmament sublime,—
Which, like the moon, by slow degrees display,
As she to night, their fullness to the day;—
Then die away
In gradual wane—like a dissolving chime!

The wood anemone
And purple crocus crowned with burnished gold
At the gnarled mossy root of forest tree
Her pale hands scattered—or in gardens cold.
With trembling daffodils
She decked the swelling hills;
With velvet chalices whence faëries sip
She gemmed the greensward—and each sunny slope—
Meet for an elfin lip.
Her azure eyes were seen in Heaven's blue cope;—
And where the sheen of their mild radiance fell
The modest violet peered, in every hamlet dell!

In valleys pastoral—
Where the white daisy dreams,
Who ope'd her crimson buds at Spring's dear call—
And chaste convolvuli
Entwine the hedge-rows high,
While paly gleams
Each alabaster urn, a summer's day—
And the pink eglantine
Peeps tender buds between—
And bursting leaves their early green display;—

In such sweet vales—where music, sweeter far
Than Pan's Thessalian echoes ever heard,
From throat of warbling bird
Floats clearly to the welkin's azure bar—
Flowers of a thousand rich enamelled dyes
Weep orient tears for the departed Spring,—
Suffuse their rainbow eyes
For her who nursed them to the blossoming!
The lily in the shade
Hides her coy head; and mourns, in vestal white,
For Spring—the season-maid—
Whose requiem to pour, the woodland tribes unite.

Weep for the virgin Spring—
For your dead nurse, young flowers!
And o'er her fair corse fling
Sweets the soft wind deflours
From vales more blest than Proserpina's bowers,
Renowned in Attic song,—
More rich than Enna of the golden days,
In the bright joyance of your gentle eyes,
Which glad the pilgrim, who all lonely strays.
With the low music of your tender sighs
Her dirge prolong!

H. W. H.

FOLK-LORE.

Bartholomew Tide.

I do not know that I can better show my gratitude for the insertion in last Saturday's *Athenæum* of my letter inviting you to receive, and your country readers to furnish, communications on the subject of our 'Folk-Lore,' than by indicating to "intending" correspondents some points connected with our Popular Mythology and Observances, respecting which new facts and existing traditions might prove of considerable value.

I would observe, in the first place, that, as the Fairy Mythology of England, as preserved to us in the writings of Shakspeare (its best and most beautiful expositor), exhibits a striking intermixture of Celtic and Teutonic elements, all local traditions respecting that mystic race,—whether

Of elves, of hills, brooks, standing lakes, or groves,—

will be useful in developing the influence which such elements respectively exercised upon this poetical branch of our Popular Mythology. And as I agree with Mr. Keightley—no mean authority on such a subject—in opinion "that the belief in Fairies is by no means extinct in England,—and that in districts, if there be any such, where steam-engines, cotton mills, mail coaches,* and similar exorcists have not yet penetrated, numerous legends might be collected,"—I am not without hope of seeing many "a roundel and a fairy song" rescued from destruction through the agency of the *Athenæum*.

Can no Devonshire correspondent furnish new and untold stories of his native Pixies? Are there no records of a fairy pipe-manufactory to be gathered at Swinborne, in Worcestershire?—In the mining and mountainous districts of Derbyshire are all "such antique fables and such fairy toys" entirely extinct?—If so, is not the neighbourhood of Haddon, or of Hardwicke, or of both, still visited by the coach drawn by headless steeds, driven by a coachman as headless as themselves?—Does not such an equipage still haunt the mansion of Parsloes, in Essex?—and could not some correspondent from that county furnish you with stories of the inhabitants of Coggeshall, to prove them very rivals of the Wise Men of Gotham?—Is the Barguest no longer seen in Yorkshire?—Is "howdening" altogether obsolete in Kent—and, if so, when was this last trace of a heathen rite performed?—Are the legends of Tregeagle no longer current in Cornwall?—These are all subjects not undeserving attention: and it should be remembered that legends and traditions which are considered trifling, in the localities to which they more immediately relate, assume an interest in the eyes of strangers to whom they are not familiar—and an importance when placed in apposition with cognate materials, by the light which they both receive and furnish from such juxtaposition.

There is another matter, too, on which local information is much to be desired while it is still attainable. I mean the "Feasts" which are still annually celebrated in the more remote parts of the country; many of which are, doubtless, of very considerable antiquity—even as old as the days of Heathenism. This is a branch of our Popular Antiquities which—to use a happy phrase of Horace Walpole's—has not yet been "tapped" in England; one which can now be thoroughly and properly investigated only by ascertaining, in each case, the following particulars, among others:—the day on which

* This was written, by Mr. Keightley, in 1828; but now, what Chaucer said of the "elves" may almost be applied to the mails—"But now can no man see non *mails* mo."

the Feast is held; the peculiar observances by which it is accompanied, and—which will serve, in some measure, to illustrate the history of the climate in this country, and (strange combination!) the progress of social improvement—the peculiar dishes which are usually introduced on such festivals.

I ought to apologize for thus occupying so much of your space: but, as you have kindly consented, at my request, to open your pages to contributions on the subject of our 'Folk-Lore,' I thought it might be of advantage to point out to correspondents some matters respecting which communications would be both valuable and acceptable.

AMBROSE MERTON.

The Epithet 'Old Scratch.'

Of that huge mass of imperfectly digested materials which may be said to constitute the text book of the students of our English 'Folk-Lore,' Brand's 'Popular Antiquities,' there is no chapter more imperfect, and consequently more unsatisfactory, than that entitled 'Popular Notions concerning the Apparition of the Devil.'

In this chapter,—after some allusion to the names "Old Nick," "Old Harry," "Old Scratch," and "The Old One,"—Brand observes:—"The epithet 'old' to so many of his titles seems to favour the common opinion, that the Devil can only appear in the shape of an old man."—It may, however, be doubted whether the epithet "old" has not, in this case, been derived from the Early Latin Fathers; who frequently use the expression, "Antiquus hostis," when speaking of the Enemy of mankind. In this way, the Anglo-Saxon, Cædmon, speaks of "*se* ealda deofol,"—"se ealda," "the Old Devil," "the Old One;" and in North Friesland, the same epithet, "*de aul duivel*," still obtains. *Gammel* Erik (Old Erik) is a title bestowed upon the Devil by the Danes; and in this *Old Erik* we have, probably, the origin of our "Old Harry." In the old Norse, "Kölski"—which signifies both "senex" and "diabolus"—is the epithet by which the "foul fiend" is usually designated.

Again,—though the epithet "Scratch" is, by modern usage, exclusively applied to his Satanic Majesty, such was not its original application. In the old High German monuments, mention is made of a small elfish sprite, *Scrat*, or *Scrato*,—by Latin writers translated Pilosus; as Waltschrate, or Wood Scrat, a Satyrus. In the 'Vocabularius' of 1482 we find Schretlin (penates). Nacht-schrettele (Ephialtes). The Anglo-Saxon Schritta (Hermaphroditus), and the Old Norse Skratti (malus genius, gigas), are also clearly allied to this elfish Being.

Grimm describes the *Schrat* as resembling in its nature the Latin Faun, and the Greek Satyr,—the 'Sylvanus' of Livy; and the Schratlein as being a domestic spirit more resembling the German Wichtel and Alp. The Schrat is never represented as a female; and differs from the Elf as appearing only singly—not in hosts.

The reader of the third volume of the 'Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland'—which contains a translation of the Brothers Grimm's 'Essay on the Irish Legends'—will, doubtless, remember the very curious old German poem there translated, in which the nature of the Schretel or Schrat is fully described. The manner in which the sprite encounters a huge white bear, by whom it is worsted in the contest,—in consequence of which the house is freed from its intrusion,—is told with considerable humour; and will give the reader a satisfactory notion of the malicious spirit who has been despoiled of his name, for the purpose of enriching the abundant nomenclature in which Old Scratch—as the Devil is now improperly designated—already rejoices.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

NOTHING could more strikingly illustrate the *animus* which pervades the leading members of this Association, and the temper of those who represent it before the public—a temper that postpones all the real interests of which they are supposed to have charge to their own personalities—than a report which appears in the columns of a weekly paper,—if it might be relied on. That report, if true, would represent Mr. Wright, the Secretary to the Association, with one hand penning a condemnation of the *Athenæum* as unworthy of credit, while with the other he was soliciting the credit of its columns for his statement (published by us last week), as a matter to which he attached much importance and in terms absolutely deprecatory of denial!

It is less important to allude to the circumstance, that the paper in question characterizes our original communication on the subject of the Gloucestershire quarrel as *pretending* to have been "made on behalf of" the Archæological Society of that county,—and having since been *disowned* by them. A very singular *pretension* is betrayed in the use of this word *pretending*. Not only does the statement in question *pretend* to be put forth "on behalf" of the Gloucestershire Society, but it *is* so put forth—as anybody may know who will read it. How came that Society—or any one "on their behalf"—to "disavow" a statement which was never attributed to them?—We have already said that we knew our correspondent's position to be such as made him necessarily cognizant of the facts on which he communicated with us;—and will, now, add that the statement in question came to us from an *officer* of the Gloucestershire Society. Had it come from that body in its official character, we should have said that it was made *by*, not *on behalf of*, the Society.—There would be something so unphilosophic in this gratuitous repudiation by a body of philosophers, that we take leave to doubt the fact of any such having been made until we shall have some better authority for it than the loose assertion of the paper in question.

But the fact that no such disavowal can have been made by the Society is positively proved in the very paragraphs that assert the contrary. Nay, if we should be told that the assertion was not intended to imply the absurdity of a *formal* disavowal of that which had never been imputed,—but merely to express that a majority of the Gloucestershire Society differed from the views embodied in the narrative of our correspondent,—even then, it is remarkable enough that the literary organ of the Association has saved us the necessity of a contradiction by contradicting itself. Under what unhappy influence is it that these gentlemen are so continually shaken out of their self-possession? Mr. Wright, if the paper alluded to report him correctly, abuses the *Athenæum* with one side of his mouth while he invokes it with the other: and the Association, assuming to discredit our correspondent's statement in the name of the Gloucestershire Society, is good enough to furnish us with a fact *not* stated by our correspondent, whereby his statement is in the name of that same Society confirmed;—viz., that the Society has passed a vote of censure on Mr. Pettigrew in respect of the very transactions therein denounced! This is so curious as to tempt iteration. What Mr. Pettigrew and his reporter call a *disavowal*, by the provincial body, of the blame attributed to the former gentleman by our correspondent, turns out, on evidence cruelly furnished by Mr. Roach Smith, to be a *vote of censure* passed on Mr. Pettigrew in conformity with our informant's views! This is a novel style of reasoning, scarcely to have been looked for from an antiquarian body. The logic is homœopathic, as it were. The original censure is expelled ("disowned") by a further administration of the same! The readers of the *Athenæum*, who, in the matter of reproach, are probably *not* of opinion that *similia similibus curantur*, will be very likely to consider that the *pretended* "disavowal" is disavowed—and the insinuated "difference" reconciled—by the archæologists of the Association themselves; like Balaam, letting out the truth by unconscious inspiration and against their own interest.

Since the above was written, we have had our attention called to an advertisement in the *Literary Gazette*—containing the Resolutions alluded to in the article in that paper on which we have been commenting. A proceeding at once so childish and disgraceful as that of Mr. Wright's "making mouths," behind its back, at the paper to whose candour he was at the same time appealing, little deserved the courtesy which we have thrown away upon him, or the moderation of the terms in which we have, above, commented on the folly, ere we knew how foul-mouthed it was—and when we hesitated to believe it, of him, at all. Discreditable facts, charged against a public body, are not disproved by the party accused merely characterizing the charge as a "scandalous fabrication"; and the world will have little doubt of the truth of every averment contained in the document so answered—from the answer itself, and the demeanour, under the accusation, of the parties accused. There is something "scandalous" and dishonest in the application of the term "scandalous fabrication" to a statement, from whose circumstantial details the parties using it must have known, better than most men, that there could be no fabrication in the matter—however much it might, as we candidly admitted, express a different view from their own of the same series of facts. The non-reality of their whole process of argumentation is inevitably and discreditably exposed by this substitution of passionate vituperation for the wholesome and conciliatory explanation which was due from them.—For ourselves, we need only repeat what we at first said, that we have no personal knowledge as to the merits of the questions in issue between the parties—are only the reporters of a gentleman whose honour is not to be questioned, and whose counter-statement seemed deserving of the same publicity as had been given to the statement which it proposed to answer:—but we are bound, now, to add that all the inferences of conduct are against the Association.

The second of these Resolutions—falling foul of the Archæological Institute with mere vague abuse which it vindicates by no fact—is equally disgraceful to a body of reasoning men; and a fresh symptom of the fever into which they are thrown by the consequences of their own ill-temper at Gloucester. Do these archæologists suppose that a small knot of men "pretending" to represent an important scientific body, but being, as we have heretofore said, substantially the body itself—for the names of Mr. Pettigrew, Mr. Wright, Mr. Roach Smith, Mr. Crofton Croker, Mr. Britton, and a very few others, constitute, so far as its proceedings report, the entire Association, with only such variation as may be obtained by shuffling them and altering the precedence—do these gentlemen really suppose that their getting into corners, and "calling" everybody who differs from them "names" can be serviceable to the department of science which they affect to promote—or to any other? The third and fourth Resolutions are irresistibly ludicrous. That these grown men can console themselves for the hot water in which they are living—for all the disappointments which attended their visit to Gloucestershire—and for the cry of reprobation which has followed them out of it—by affirming that they "perceive with delight the *unanimity and good will* which exist in the British Archæological Association, and which *manifested itself so strongly at the late most successful congress at Gloucester*"—is a delicious bit of *make-believe* which passes the simplicity of child's-play. It would be humour if it were an ascription to them by a third party:—in their mouths, it is very good farce. As such, it wants only originality:—it is borrowed from Mawworm; who, like them, converted reproach into a subject of congratulation—he "liked to be abused!"—The clause of the third Resolution which bravely asserts—in the contradictory presence not only of our statement but of their own, and of every newspaper report—that "not one subject of discord or dissension prevailed" at the Gloucestershire congress, is one of those daring manœuvres which, in spite of their sheer idleness, surprise a sort of respect, by their gallant denial of facts looking the asserters full in the face, and dashing *defiance* to the reason of others—since no ground can be taken for an *appeal* to it. It is of the class of evolutions which is, however, rarely ventured on out of comedy. The fourth Resolution—which conveys the thanks of Mr. Pettigrew (and his little party) to Mr. Pettigrew "for the able manner in which he performed the duties of chairman at the congress of Gloucester"—is a self-administered salve (not very efficacious, we should think) for the smart inflicted by the vote of censure there, which stigmatizes his abuse of the office into a means of alienating the provincial members and injuring the character of the Association.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

August.

THE King was at Eu,—so that I could not see the Castle; which I regretted, on account of the portraits which it contains. The church is extremely hand-

some, and well and royally restored. But there is too much complimenting of the King, in Latin inscriptions, for what he has done. He would have been far more deserving of all this laud and praise if he had done less and undone more. The noble church is deformed with all manner of trumpery (*inter alia*, a bunch of dusty white ostrich feathers over the high altar), which a man of taste would cause to be removed. There is a chapel in the centre of the apsis, patched on,—as appears from the vile brick exterior, which exceeds in offensive tawdriness anything I ever beheld. The whole chapel is washed rose-pink. In the niche stands a millinery-looking statue of the Virgin *coiffée* with a garland of white roses, and a garland of white roses also borders the niche—very like an extremely trumpery ball-room decoration. And this in presence of the severe beauty of so fine a specimen of Gothic architecture! The new stained glass windows are handsome. The centre window of the west front is filled with the armorial bearings of the great houses of which the present lord of Eu is the representative,—Eu, Dombes, Artois, Dreux, Valois, Orleans, Penthièvre, &c. A gentleman must be difficult who can desire better arms; and I should be much less disposed to blame the King for the display of them here than for putting them in his pocket elsewhere.

The tombs in the crypt are very interesting,—and well restored. They are chiefly of the House of Artois. It is singular that two who lie here were carried captive to England:—Jean, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers; and Charles, who was taken at the battle of Agincourt, and passed so many years of his life in England.—Opposite to Jean d'Artois lies his wife, Isabelle de Melun, daughter of the Comte de Tamarville, Grand Chamberlain of France. This princess had been previously married to Pierre de Montpensier, Count of Dreux; and with her, these lordships passed into the possession of the House of Orleans.—The gallant and adventurous constable, Philip d'Artois, whose body was ransomed from the Turks, lies here, in marble, with his shield, dagger and gauntlets at his side.

These are among the grand and striking effigies which the King has rescued from obscurity and mutilation, and arranged in their appropriate places. It is impossible to look at them, and not believe them portraits. They are full of individual character. The bones they covered were, of course, scattered during the stupid frenzy of the Revolution.—There is also the tomb of St. Lawrence, Archbishop of Dublin; who came over to Normandy, and died at Eu, in 1181. He is patron of the city and county of Eu. A large head of the same saint (canonized at Eu, in 1226), with the mitre on, stands at the side of the high altar,—and seems to be an object of peculiar veneration. The original one, destroyed at the Revolution, was of solid silver: this, my guide told me, is *plaquée*.

The first church on this site—the one which contained the ashes of the descendants of Rollo—witnessed the marriage of William the Conqueror and Matilda of Flanders. The present structure is of about the thirteenth century.—Among the things to be cast out of the temple is the pulpit: an abominable piece of *boiserie*, supported by heathenish caryatides. All round the sounding-board are planted little mahogany plaything cannons, pointed at the congregation;—the same being to signify that the Prince de Bourbon, who gave the pulpit, was Grand Master of the Artillery.

I was disappointed at finding no trace whatever in the church of the great princess and unhappy woman whose shade haunts this spot. It is said that her heart was buried in the church, and consequently lost in the common spoliation,—that heart so inflated with pride (*haut placé*, she called it), so cruelly humbled. The castle is full of memorials of her; but, as that was closed, I could see none but the noble elms she planted,—which unite their shade to that of the beeches under which the Guises held their council.—What a series of recollections!

I was earnestly recommended to see the monuments of the Duc de Guise and his wife, Catherine of Cleves,—which are in the chapel of the Jesuits' College, founded by him. I was told that the tombs in the church were not to be compared to these. This is true—but in the inverse sense. These huge masses of marble are in the worst taste; abounding in bas-reliefs of battles, trophies and—worse than all—allegorical figures. The duke and duchess recline in studied attitudes. They are said to be faithful portraits; at all events, their clothes are,—the fidelity of which seems to excite great and general admiration.—A book which I took up gives a description of the duchess, of which I cannot deprive you:—

"La duchesse vient d'expirer; la bouche est entr' ouverte; sa belle tête renversée dans la paume de sa main, dont les doigts glissent entre ses beaux cheveux, nous présente un cou gracieux, entouré d'une fraise plus grande encore que celle de son mari. Un corsage d'hermine, bordé de guirlandes de pierreries, est échancré vers le sein, dont une modestie voile les trésors avec beaucoup de grâce, et il s'en échappe une jupe lisse. De la main droite, la princesse soutient son livre ouvert; elle s'est endormie en disant ses *Heures*, et on ne peindra jamais mieux l'abandon, le charme, la douceur d'une femme aimable se laissant aller à son dernier sommeil." This transition from the tucker and the "jupe lisse" to the prayer-book;—above all, this encomium of the "abandon" and "charme" with which the duchess is so "aimable" as to die, seemed to me worth recording. After a good deal more about the duchess, her heraldic bearings, &c., the critic suddenly exclaims,—"Nous oublions une partie du costume de la princesse; ses manches d'une étoffe légère," &c.—I need hardly add that the critic finds the allegorical figures "d'un goût exquis." They are *his* taste,—which you will probably think is saying enough.

I trust you are got beyond generalizing; or I should not be so ready to point out the little *ridicules* I meet with abroad,—and which have their counterpart at home.—One example I can give you. I heard, the other day, an extremely vulgar and ignorant Englishman maintain, in the presence of a very gentlemanlike, polite, and sensible Frenchman, that there is no good society whatever in Paris. The Frenchman said nothing. I said to myself, none that would be so much its own enemy as to allow you to see it.

While we were at St. Valéry, we saw the arrival of a sort of camp of railroad labourers and their families,—containing a swarm of children, household goods, &c. Three huge waggons drawn by large teams of Norman horses stationed themselves in the street near us, and soon collected a crowd of wonderers at the English. The English were, however, for the most part Irish,—as either my eye or ear would have instantly sufficed to convince me. I was vastly amused with the quiet contempt which one of the women betrayed for the French—especially for the slenderness of their fare. "Why, ye know, Ma'am," she said, "we can't live as they live. We English and Irish, we *must* have our bit o' maat and our dhrop o' taa,—we must. What's a bit o' bread and a pear for breakfast? The Frinch does with it,—but we cannot." So, thought I:—if my friends in Paris heard that view of the case, and in such a brogue! The woman talked of "the Frinch," quite simply, as a race used to live upon anything, and for whom anything was good enough. A gaunt, and yet comic-looking, Irishman, who seemed a sort of superintendent of the troop, entirely joined in this disdain of French abstinence. I felt inclined to say, "My dear friend and countryman (for God forbid I should treat you or think of you as an 'alien') a 'Frinchman' earning four francs a day—as you tell me you are—would not allow the world to see his bare elbow through his dirty shirt."

We are apt, sometimes, to hear with alarm and suspicion the lively sympathy which the French express with the oppressed and suffering Irish. It was, therefore, a comfort to find, from these people, that they were *rançonnés* in France as shamelessly as the purest-blooded Saxon of us all. The poor creatures said they were often forced to pay a franc for a little boiling water to make the indispensable "tan;"—the fair charge being, as a Frenchman told me, four sous. I hope this mark of impartiality will reassure your readers.

One of these waggons, roofed like Noah's ark in old pictures, contained a woman and her six children, who slept under that roof every night. The five elder were little girls,—fair and slender, with gentle, sedate, English countenances,—speaking French very well. Behind, came a waggon loaded with household goods and utensils. Certainly, the furniture of a house in Grosvenor-square would not have touched my heart;—but I could not look with dry eyes at these materials of a humble English home,—these well-known, sturdy, and graceless forms, and all their lowly *penates*,—wandering about in a strange land.

I asked all the people if they met with civility and kindness,—or if the French looked with an ill eye upon them. They all said, no:—they had nothing to complain of, except overcharges.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It was a not uncommon incident of the time of high fares for locomotion, that, out of the competition to which they tempted, arose an occasional opportunity for the public to travel *gratis*. Nay, men were even bribed to take a pleasant trip—a good dinner on the road being offered to those who would consent to go where their occasions called them at no expense. These, however, were the mere exceptions to the rule of high prices—the rebound from one extreme to the other of the sliding-scale; which oscillated violently, for a while under the impulse, and then re-adjusted itself to a very costly average. But now, we seem to be steadily tending towards a time when men shall habitually travel *for nothing*. The newspapers mention, as amongst the projects of the day, one for an omnibus company, to compete with the penny boats, &c., on the river. It is proposed, according to these authorities, to raise 10,000 shares of 2*l.* each; the deposits to be 2½*d.* per share; 100 omnibuses to be put on the roads. The company, it is said, has been duly registered.—The boats will scarcely allow themselves to be overtaken, with so much space for play as the penny fare yet allows them:—and we have heard something of steamers running from the Adelphi to London Bridge, "at the small charge of one halfpenny" per head!

The daily papers announce the death, at Fulham, on the 21st inst., of Alfred John Kempe, Esq., F.S.A., at the age of 62. Mr. Kempe is well known among antiquaries by his volume of the Loseley MSS., and his work on the early history of the monastery of St. Martin Le Grand. He was the brother of Mrs. Bray, the novelist,—and a constant contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.—The Scotch papers mention the death of Mr. Alston:—known to the philanthropic by the particular system of printing in relief, in Roman capitals, for the use of the Blind, which he borrowed from Dr. Fry, and introduced with some modification, into the Glasgow Asylum,—of which benevolent institution he was treasurer. Mr. Alston's plan has since been adopted into all, or very nearly all, the asylums throughout the country; and its particulars have already been brought under the notice of the readers of the *Athenæum* [Nos. 518 and 674].

Lord Morpeth has announced to the Society formed for providing dwellings for the poor in the suburbs of London, that if the Manor Court will accord a portion of Wanstead Flats to the purposes of the institution, the Crown will interpose no difficulty.

At Manchester, the three new parks, so liberally provided for the recreation of its toiling inhabitants, were opened on Saturday last, with appropriate festivities; and this act of inauguration was accompanied by the dedication also to the same service of the Baths and Washhouses lately instituted in that munificent town. On all sides the conviction is spreading—enough to disturb the "fine old English gentleman" in his grave!—that measures like these are for the "healing of the nations." What a very phantom, amid our world of present thought and feeling, does that respectable personage seem! He would be far more of a ghost, among the strong lights of our time, if we had him with us in the body, than even the grave has made him. Peace to his ashes! He was a worthy gentleman; and is better in his tomb—out of an innovating world like ours, which would be slow to recognize his worth.

On the continent, the Earthquake has been following in the wake of the fiery Spirit of this extraordinary season. We mentioned, last week, that the Academy of Sciences at Frankfort was engaged in collecting particulars relative to the ravages of the former on the 29th ult.; and may now add, that the 17th inst. has been its play-day in Italy, Switzerland and the South of

France. At Leghorn, and in the volcanic district of the Maremma, its antics took an alarming character. Whole villages have been thrown down in the Saulia, —the Tuscan centre of the oscillating motion, and at about five leagues from Leghorn. The killed and wounded are numerous; and the shock extended as far as Pisa—all the villas in whose neighbourhood have been more or less injured. For four days the earth continued to shake, at intervals; and the inhabitants of Leghorn were looking out, in the utmost alarm, for another shock,—and anticipating the destruction of their town. Many have fled before the menace; and bivouacked in the fields or taken refuge in the boats. It is said that a slight shock had been felt, on the 10th, at Naples.—In the Canton of Vaud, three successive shocks had been experienced on the 17th;—and at Maçon, Orbe, and Yverdun, some of these had been felt with yet greater violence.

We learn, from Paris, that a project is on foot, at the instance of the Minister of Public Instruction, for establishing a sort of *Concordat* between the University of France and the reviving institutions of the Greeks; —to connect the study of the Hellenic language and literature in the former country with its restoration in the latter. The recovery of the true pronunciation of this most harmonious of languages is one of the objects which have suggested the movement in question: and another inducement has been gathered from the conviction, that, if painting be most properly studied among the Italian masterpieces, architecture has its most perfect examples in Greece; for which reason the School of the latter Art would be advantageously transferred—as, also, for the further reason that Greece is a comparatively virgin soil, which has not yet, like Italy, revealed her abundant treasures. Amongst the means, then, talked of for effecting the contemplated union, a French school for architects and philologists is one. M. de Salvandy has, however, sent over one of the councillors of the University, M. Alexandre, to consult on the best measures for effecting the execution of his design.

At the recent annual public sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, a proof was afforded of the spreading interest bestowed upon the antiquities of France—in the multitude of candidates who presented themselves for the two medals offered for works on that subject. No less than 43 Memoirs had been admitted to compete;—and the excellence of most of these drew from M. Lenormand, the reporter of the Committee appointed by the Academy, the expression of their regret that they had no more medals to bestow—and the assertion of the necessity of some further endowment under this head, for the purpose of restoring the proportion of the rewards distributed amongst the various subjects submitted for judgment to the Academy.

We have just seen in the French papers the announcement of what appears to the practical philosophers of that country to be a very serious and important discovery—some of our readers may perhaps recognize an old friend under a new phase.—"To-day, at 11 o'clock,"—mark the importance of the event!—"a large concourse enlivened the gardens of Frascati, at Havre, where there was to be tried the only existing *Aerial Railway of France*. We call it aerial, because the starting point is 30 mètres above the level of the garden. From this, the carriage descends a slope of 44 in 100; and enters on a circle of 4 mètres in height,—which it describes with incredible rapidity, and afterwards rises to the height of 18 mètres from the ground. It would be difficult to witness a spectacle more curious or interesting. The first trial was made in presence of M. Dumon, Minister of Public Works. On his entrance into the garden, the carriage, loaded with tin bags of sand, set off with terrific rapidity; and having described its circuit, lay dead at the end of the line, under the window of the hotel of Madame Aguado, with such exquisite precision that a bouquet of flowers could not have fallen more softly at the foot of the noble lady. The Minister and M. Thiers showered compliments on the illustrious engineer of this aerial line; who had performed calculations of much difficulty with such marvellous precision."—For our own parts, and on behalf of our readers, we may merely say that the aerial railway of France, and of M. Clavière, is neither more nor less than the toy invented by Mr. Roberts, of Manchester, and well known as the "centrifugal railway"; long since exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, and elsewhere, as a public amusement—a sort of hobby-horse at 6*d.* a ride.

The Antiquarian Society of Picardy has awarded its gold medal for the best memoir on the annals of that province—after six years of a contest which hitherto offered no worthy candidate—to M. Dupont-White, *procureur du roi* at Beauvais, for a work entitled *La Ligue à Beauvais*.

We learn, from Berlin, that the King of Prussia has issued an ordinance requiring the Academy of Sciences and Arts to give him their advice in the selection of the foreigners of distinction who shall be included in the forthcoming distribution, abroad, of the insignia of the Order of Merit.

Some notion as to the condition of literature in Russia may be gathered from a report recently made by the Minister of Public Instruction, on the state of the book-trade during 1845. It appears, from that document, that the number of new works printed in the empire during that year amounted to 861,—of which 795 were original, and 66 translations. Those works (among which periodical publications are not included) are generally on the medical sciences, law, agriculture, arts and trades, history and philology. During the same period 713,389 volumes of foreign works were imported into Russia. At the end of 1845, the Royal Library of St. Petersburgh contained 444,335 printed volumes, 18,229 manuscripts, and 355 collections of autographs. The reading-room of that library was frequented during 1845 by only 828 persons,—a number very limited compared with the population. Although the Imperial Library has existed for 34 years, it is only now that a catalogue of the printed works is being prepared. That of the manuscripts was completed last year, and is composed of 28 volumes.—We may mention, in the same paragraph, that an official document, just published at Madrid, shows the lamentable state of public instruction in Spain. Not less that 122 professorships are at present unoccupied in the Universities; and the most urgent appeals are made to efficient men to fill up the vacant chairs.

On the often-mooted subject of a Sunday delivery of letters, a partial plan is before us, proposed by Mr. Frederick Woodman, which aims at a reasonable compromise between the two principles that contest the question. Mr. Woodman's proposal, while it objects to making the Sunday ministry of the Post-Office tributary to mere gossip or curiosity (or, it should seem, to business interests), contends for the even religious necessity of not letting Sunday interfere to prevent communications of certain other kinds. His scheme may be worth submitting to the consideration of our readers,—and will be best conveyed in his own language:—"It is admitted that some letters *should*, and some letters *should not* be delivered on the sacred day of rest. General business, or complimentary letters and newspapers *should not* be delivered, but letters communicating *sickness or death should* be delivered. To meet this case I propose—1. That all unimportant letters that are posted on Friday Saturday, or Sunday, should be *directed* 'Not to be delivered on Sunday.'—2. That letters *so* directed should be retained in the Post-Office until the following day (Monday), if they cannot be delivered before the office closes on Saturday night.—3. That letters *not so* directed should be delivered, and a charge of 1*s.* should be made on the letters (stamped or unpaid), for the delivery, on behalf of the revenue.—4. That if letters be delivered on Sunday, and the charge of 1*s.* be paid, and the said letters *do* contain information of sickness or death, then, on the presentation of the said letters to the Post-Office, the said extra charge shall be returned.—5. That if any anonymous letter be sent and delivered on Sunday, and charged the extra fee of 1*s.*, that shall also be returned to the person who has paid the said charge.—6. That it shall be optional with persons to receive letters on Sunday or not, and the charge in these cases shall not be enforced."

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE of ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by the late Chevalier Renoux. Open from 10 till 6. Admittance to view both Pictures —Saloon, 1*s.*; Stalls, 2*s.* as heretofore.

INVENTORS and DEPOSITORS of WORKING MODELS and of other Specimens of the Useful Arts (as well as the Visitors of the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION) are respectfully informed that the Directors have given their anxious consideration to the new appointment of DEMONSTRATOR in MECHANICS, whose duty will be to explain to the Visitors the Principles and Uses of the above Specimens with clearness and simplicity. The Lectures now comprise the ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, as well as other objects of present interest. The beautiful Optical Instruments, &c. &c.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—*July.*—A. Gerard, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. T. H. Cooper, F.L.S., and Mr. H. Taylor, were elected members.—The Secretary announced that many valuable parcels of British plants had been received since the last meeting.

Read, 'Notice of a variety of *Cnicus arvensis?* found in Fifeshire,' by Dr. Dewar. "Its habit when growing is different from the *C. arvensis*. The leaves are sinuated,—rather than pinnatifid, not crisped and curled, but nearly flat and sharply spinous, with a decurrence of spines from each leaf. The involucre differs in nothing from the *C. arvensis*, and *C. setosus;* the florets are shorter and not so remarkably fragrant as those of *C. setosus*." A specimen was presented.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—*Aug.* 3.—T. Marshall, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Specimens of the rare *Arpedium subpubescens* were sent by Mr. Haliday for distribution; and specimens of the poisonous Simulium of the Bannat, which annually causes great mortality amongst the cattle of Styria, were presented by Mr. Gutch.—Mr. Saunders exhibited a very interesting series of the transformations and nests of six species of Oiketicus, from New Holland, collected by Mr. Stevenson, attached to one of the recent exploring expeditions.

The following memoirs were read:—1. 'Description of a New Species of Helæus, from Australia,' by the Rev. F. W. Hope. 2. 'Description of a New Species of Indian Paussus,' by Mr. Westwood. 3. 'Note of Insects inhabiting the Human Body,' by Mr. George Downs. 4. 'Notice of a remarkable Emigration of Butterflies across the Straits of Dover,' and 'On the Black Dolphin of the Hop Plantations', by Mr. Long. 5. 'Notes on Australian Entomology,' by Mr. Stevenson. 6. 'Description of a New Genus of Lamellicorn Beetles, in which the hind part of the thorax is dilated into a horn curved over the back,' by Mr. Westwood.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

THUR. Zoological Society, 3.—General Business.
FRI. Botanical Society, 8.

FINE ARTS

PROGRESS OF ENGLISH FRESCO PAINTING.

WE are happy in being able to confirm the favourable rumours, which we have already mentioned, of the success of Mr. Dyce's fresco in the House of Lords. It is an admirable experiment, —surpassing our expectations; and if we had shared the doubts understood to have been entertained by certain of the Fine Art Commissioners as to the capacity of our artists for this method of painting, the specimen in question would go far towards their removal. We should even be inclined to admit—as Sir Robert Peel is reported to have done on first seeing this work—that our scepticism had vanished.

Our readers will recollect Mr. Dyce's design—the 'Baptism of Ethelbert'—exhibited last year at Westminster Hall; and the commendation which we then bestowed on the cartoon [*Ath.* No. 923]. The fresco differs little from the cartoon. This, as placed in the Exhibition, was seen but a few feet removed from the spectator: the fresco is we should say not less than thirty feet from the ground —and therefore distant even many more from any favourable point of sight. It is so high as to prevent minute examination;—too high to permit of the spectator appreciating the delicacies of execution—high even to the fatal extent of deteriorating an indispensable part of the picture, the expression of the features. A general impression of the composition and colours is all that can be obtained from the floor of the apartment. This, as respects the latter, leaves little to be wished for. The vividness, gradation of tone, aërial perspective, and reflected lights in the

fresco appear to us quite as successful as they would have been had Mr. Dyce executed the work in the more familiar medium of oil. The executive success in colour being the chief difficulty which Mr. Dyce had to resolve after having made his design, we may congratulate him on having mastered it. Glancing from the intense gilding and colour which surrounds the fresco, its tints maintain a pre-eminence on which the eye gratefully reposes. Amidst all the antagonism of surrounding gold, azure, and vermilion, lavishly used, the fresco shines forth as the most attractive spot in the room.

Mr. Dyce deserves, we think, all praise for his work—and we give it ungrudgingly. If we say that the result of the whole proceeding is not satisfactory, we lay none of the responsibility on *him*. We cannot help feeling that this work offers a warning, not to be mistaken, that the proposed system for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament needs absolute revision. It is clear, thus early, that Commissioners, architect, decorator, and painter are all working independently of each other. Every one who looks at this painting will feel that it is out of place—almost out of sight; and that the composition is of a character unsuitable to such an altitude. Why, after months of investigation, dictation, and labour, have we this result? Obviously, because Mr. Barry made his House of Lords in forgetfulness, or disregard, of the fresco painter. The Commissioners, who *would* have frescoes, took any surfaces for the purpose which they could find,—and then gave the mere geometrical dimensions of the spaces to artists, who, of necessity, designed in ignorance of the circumstances of site, &c. under which their productions would be used. We cannot doubt, that if Mr. Dyce had to do his work over again, with his present knowledge of all these, the fresco would be differently arranged and composed. Messrs. Maclise, Cope, and Horsley should look to this, and forthwith place their cartoons in the recesses which the frescoes are destined to fill. The process may possibly suggest a revision of their compositions;—which, if thus rendered necessary, they should not be required to give gratuitously.

We will not say that we altogether disapprove of the glitter of the roof as applied to Mediæval panelling; but we have doubts whether this glitter and fresco are altogether the best possible combination. Their juxtaposition sufficiently demonstrates that architect, decorator, and fresco painter have three different ideas—and raises a very strong suspicion that there are too many cooks at work. We will defer our opinion on the broth until the whole compound is presented in a complete state.

We may take this opportunity of commending the fanciful and highly ornamental little frescoes which Mr. Townsend has lately painted at the four corners of the grand staircase of Buckingham Palace. This staircase has recently been decorated, we understand, under the guidance of Mr. Gruner,—the gentleman to whose exuberant genius her Majesty owes the decorations of the summer-house in the gardens of the palace. Mr. Townsend's frescoes, like those in the summer-house, constitute the best part of the decorations of this staircase; and, like them and Mr. Dyce's frescoes, by a strange coincidence, are placed so high as materially to suffer in effect from their position. Mr. Townsend's frescoes are allegories of Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night;—represented by Cupids, painted on gold grounds. They display much agreeable fancy and mastery of fresco *matériel*. Their colouring is bright and pure,—but, as we have already said, it is difficult to see them satisfactorily: and, owing to the singularly *bizarre* taste of Mr. Gruner, they are made to assume a comparatively insignificant place—just as the frescoes in the summer-house, though the most important works, were reduced, by contrast and position, to comparative unimportance. A few words may be bestowed on this further demonstration of Mr. Gruner's taste in decoration;—as that gentleman, it would seem, is the apostle imported to teach us decorative Art. Mr. Townsend's frescoes are placed next to the skylight at each corner of the staircase. Between them are some bad *bas-reliefs*, picked out on intensely blue ground; and beneath these are other *bas-reliefs*—the figures white on a dark chocolate ground. The walls are painted of various hues, in imitation of marble (the imitation wonderfully well done—almost reconciling us to *imitation*); and on the walls are some eight or ten copies (we believe) of full-length family portraits in *oil*. Here, then, as in the summer-house, we have something of all sorts; and we may justly say of the staircase, as we said of that, that the "mind aches with the want of presiding principle." By far the most ostentatious parts are the *bas-reliefs*; next in importance are the marbles. From these, the eye gets to the portraits,—and lastly mounts up to the frescoes. We are bound to say that the whole appeared to us singularly inharmonious. Seeing the result of this, Mr. Gruner's second attempt, we hope the next piece of royal patronage will be intrusted absolutely to some one of our own artists. These, we think, may fairly ask for a chance. We could find half a dozen mere pupils of the School of Design, in whose decorative tact we should have more confidence than in the motley caprices of Mr. Gruner.

Fine Art Gossip.—We are glad to see, from the report of some recent proceedings at Sheffield, that the reproach which Mr. Poynter's Report had left on the Sheffield School of Design, is likely to be removed. The annual meeting of its friends and supporters, last week, was numerously attended: an increasing appreciation of the objects and value of the institution was visible; and an inaugural address delivered by Mr. Mitchell, the new master sent down by the Council in London to take charge of the school—in which he sought to explain and enforce those objects—impressing on the masters of Sheffield their especial importance to the particular manufactures by which that town is enriched—met with a sympathy that augurs well for the future prospects of the school. Mr. Mitchell's discourse well and eloquently expressed the theory which lies at the bottom of these institutions; and contained many suggestions likely to persuade the manufacturers—upon whose co-operation the immediate success of the schools in a great degree depends—to assist in giving to the theory a practical application. Manchester and Glasgow are, we understand, making rapid advances in this direction.

The Committee of the Art-Union have expressed their approbation of Mr. Foley's model for a statue of 'Innocence,' sent in to the late competition, by an award of 100*l.* to the artist, on condition of receiving a reduced copy, to be executed in porcelain, for distribution:—and Mr. Kirke's model of 'Iris Ascending' is to be reduced, for the purpose of casting in bronze. Both these works, as well as that selected for the prize, had the good word of the *Athenæum* at the time of their exhibition;—and all three are within the category which alone, as we contended, was entitled to be admitted to competition.

We mentioned to our readers, some time since, that the Board of the Royal Hibernian Academy, following that wise principle of modern times (not understood by the immediate fathers of the present generation) which admits the operative and the poor man to the intellectual banquet, had determined to open their exhibition to those classes for the trifling admission-fee of one penny. The result has proved that the people appreciate such a recreation to the extent of being very willing to pay for it, within their means—according to the following statistics:—During eleven days, the number of visitors, at one penny each, amounted to 23,450,—and the number of catalogues sold amounted to 2,252. The sale of so large a number as 2,252 catalogues, at 6*d.* each, is a high proof of the interest which the mechanical world can take in Art.

The *Builder* informs us that the effigy and table-tomb of Richard, Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1252, has, after some months of labour, been restored by Mr. E. Richardson, the sculptor, from a sad state of mutilation,—and replaced in its late position, under the shrine, in the south transept of the cathedral. Here, with much pomp and ceremony, Edward I. with Queen Eleanor and the Court, witnessed the translation of the bishop's remains, and the setting up of the present tomb, in the summer of 1276. A rose window has been placed in the east gable of the cathedral.—A correspondent of the same paper calls attention to the effects which have been produced by the late violent storm upon Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Rotted portions of the stonework, he says, have been disengaged, or crumbled away; and rapid decay of the exterior structure is now more than ever apparent.

At home and abroad, the business of monumental commemoration progresses. The Scott monument has been inaugurated at Edinburgh, according to the programme which we announced:—and, at Leicester, a marble monument, the work of Mr. Hall, has been placed in the Church of St. Margaret, to the memory of the late Miss Linwood. The inscription refers to her works with the needle as "monuments of Art and perseverance."—In Paris, M. Desprez has completed his statue of Bossuet, ordered by the Minister of the Interior for the Fountain in the Place Sulpice:—and M. Jouffroy is exhibiting his model for an intended statue of St. Bernard, to be cast in bronze, as we have already mentioned, for Dijon. The statue is ten feet in height; and rests upon a base decorated with six historical figures, representing—Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny—Louis VII.—Hugues de Payens, grand-master of the Templars—Suger—Pope Eugenius III.—and the Duke of Burgundy.

To the passion for architectural restoration by which the present age is distinguished in France, a case of exception has just now occurred,—which seems remarkable enough, considering the sentimental celebrity of the names that have written its interest upon the monument concerned. It seems that the old house, No. 9, on the Quai Napoléon,—which is said to have been the habitation of Abelard and Héloise,—was condemned to demolition; but a suspension of the execution took place, for the purpose of seeing if any one would purchase the building with a view to its preservation. No friend to antiquities has stepped forth to save the relic; and the levelling process has begun. It seems probable that the lack of interest in the monument in question arises from some defect in, or distrust of, its pedigree.

From Strasburgh, it is stated that Andrew Friedrich, the sculptor, of that place—who has executed at his own expense a monument to Erwin, the builder of the Strasburgh Minster, at the native place of the latter, Steinbach, near Baden,—has now made an offer to the corporation of Cologne to execute a statue of John Hülz, a native of that city, who completed the top of the Strasburgh Cathedral. It will be made of Kronthal sandstone,—and placed in St. Andrew's Church, near the dome.

A Belgian journal has the following:—"The sale of the gallery of paintings of M. Van N., of Brussels, who died in the course of last month, is advertised. This celebrated amateur not only devoted his life, but sacrificed the whole of his fortune, which originally produced him a revenue of 40,000f. a-year, to his passion for possessing the master-pieces of the great Flemish artists. Reduced, by this, to the want of even the necessaries of life, he could not be induced to part with any one of his cherished treasures. At last, an old servant, who continued to serve him without wages, converted the gallery into a source for the maintenance of his master and himself, by applying the gratuities given for showing the splendid collection to visitors to the purchase of food for both. A few years ago, the faithful and affectionate old man died; and M. Van N., hopeless of finding another upon the same terms, took the office upon himself. When visitors came to view the gallery, he put on the old livery, and attended them through it;—displaying a critical acquaintance with the merits of each picture that delighted all, and astonished those who were able to appreciate his erudition. Sometimes the visitors, supposing him to be really the servant, would make the master the subject of sarcastic observations,—some calling him an eccentric fool, others a madman. All this he either listened to with perfect indifference, or answered by excuses, as his old servant had been accustomed to do,—when the curiosity of his visitors was satisfied, holding out his hand for the accustomed fee."

Our readers will remember some excavations made, in the course of last winter, in the neighbourhood of the town of Orbe, in Switzerland, by M. Georges de Bonstettin; which brought to light, amongst other things, two vast and superb mosaic pavements, figured with mythological subjects in perfect preservation. These valuable relics—which have since been visited by archæologists from many parts of Europe, and were the admiration of all—have just perished, before, it is supposed, the spirit of superstition. Some days ago, the workmen employed by the municipal council of the town to erect a pavilion of antique cha-

racter above the treasures in question, on going to their work, found the mosaics broken into small fragments. This act of Vandalism is attributed to the peasantry of the neighbourhood; who still entertain the old belief, that any object which has belonged to pagans must bring misfortune on the town which fosters it.

Our readers will remember that, during the Scientific Congress at Naples, the uncovering of a house at Pompeii was one of the characteristic objects of interest liberally provided for them. This house, known by the title of the "Hunters," is now entirely exposed. It is said to be remarkable only for its pictures,—which all relate to hunting. The house examined on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Russia, it is asserted, presented nothing worthy of notice. A few amphoræ and some bronzes were found, —but their quality was very ordinary. The visit of the Empress of Russia brought to light a portable kitchen. It was made of iron, and prepared with cavities to receive the saucepans containing the meat and vegetables. A recent excavation has discovered a house, in one of the rooms of which was lying the skeleton of a man; and near him were thirty-six silver coins and two gold ones. The latter were of the time of Domitian; and the silver pieces bore the likeness and name of Vespasian. It is thought likely that this man may have been a thief, who was overtaken by the fiery storm whilst making his escape with his booty.

The continental papers, and the English ones copying them, have informed most of our readers that the Prince de Rohan perished, a week or two ago, in the bath of the Military School of Natation at Prague. The journals of that city now inform us that, on the day after his melancholy death, the colossal statue, in white marble, of Godfrey of Bouillon, king of Bohemia,—which that prince had caused to be executed, by M. Alexis Veit, for a gift to the National Bohemian Museum of Prague,—arrived at its destination. The same unfortunate prince had ordered, from the same sculptor, for the same institution, the statues of two celebrated Bohemian generals, Georges de Podiebad, and the Duke de Bretenlau, surnamed the Bohemian Achilles.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Wednesday, August 26.

Dr. Mendelssohn's 'Elijah.'

As times go, it may be doubted how far Musical Festivals, according to past fashion, will continue in favour, in our provincial towns, for another half century. The increasing rapidity and cheapness of travelling must tend towards centralization; and make London more than ever the head-quarters of costly entertainments. But the developement of a taste for part-singing will increase the number of those who, after having practised to their own hearts' content, begin to desire to sing for their friends and townsfolk. Possibly, a cheaper style of meeting will become the vogue. Meanwhile, the only means of keeping alive the interest of these entertainments as conducted on the expensive plan lies in the production of novelty. In this, the Birmingham Festival Committee has always shown itself honourably strenuous,—and never more so than on the present occasion. A picturesque chronicler of the "Music Meeting" of 1846 would begin his history by dwelling on the beautifications which the Town Hall has undergone since it was last used for Festival purposes. These are many; and all tending to that satisfaction of the eye which—whether the *locale* be new or ancient—some lath-and-plaster building as at Bonn, or some old corporation Hall as at Norwich,—has a good deal to do with the comfort and pleasure of the ear. The Birmingham Town Hall, since we last entered it, has been decorated according to the new fancy of harmonious opposition of colours;—the "roe's egg" being, to our envious London eyes, (which fain would see so splendid a concert-room within our own boundaries) the absence of a temperate introduction of gilding, such as might at once chasten and enrich the general effect. Leaving this hint to the spirited gentlemen of Birmingham—let us turn to matters of more pressing interest: some of which, we imagine, will entitle this Festival of 1846 to be recorded as among the most interesting of a brilliant series.

It were lost labour to offer any diffuse account of yesterday's performance, 'The Creation;' sung by well-known English singers in addition to Madame Caradori and Herr Staudigl,—and followed by some fragments of Rossini's 'Stabat,' to introduce the Italians. Enough to say that, as a whole, the work —which, by the way, had one of its first *grand* English performances at Birmingham, and was then oracularly discussed by Anna Seward in her correspondence—went with zeal and spirit;—one or two flaws overlooked in the individual artists. —No rehearsal of it had been possible; since our English Committees and orchestras have not arrived at the point of preferring, on these occasions, perfection to quantity,—and the new music had claimed all the disposable time and energy. This remarked, (and regretted), we are free to devote the remainder of our present notice to the great novelty of the Festival.

Dr. Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' was, on every account, calculated to excite more than ordinary interest. What, indeed, can be harder to win than a second success in a field of composition now so restricted as to choice of subject—because so occupied by a variety of colossal master-works—as the Oratorio? The second tragedy—the second novel—the second opera — the second symphony — are all easier feats. There have been, probably, few occasions when expectation was more highly raised than on the present. We do not think,—making the largest allowance for the enthusiasm which, with the few, will always attend and protect the first performance of a great work by a great man—making allowance, too, for the curious unwillingness of the many to enlarge their list of musical pleasures,— that the highest expectation can have been disappointed.

The legend of 'Elijah' has been well arranged for the musician's purposes:—one more romantic does not exist in the Old Testament. The land cursed with drought—the sojourn of the Seer in the house of the Widow's Son—the trial of strength between the worshippers of Baal and the worshippers of Jehovah—the slaughter of the false prophets—and, at last, the relief of the shower falling on the thirsty land—offer a series of vivid and various pictures for the First Part, or Division, of the work. The very commencement arrests attention. The overture is opened by a few bars of grave and menacing recitative, containing Elijah's anathema against the land, for its idolatrous monarch's sake. To this, follows an instrumental movement (the key, D minor) in somewhat of the ancient manner; wrought up to a vigorous climax,—the topmost point of which is, so to say, the first *chorus*. This is very originally treated. The emphatic supplication, 'Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?' merges in a choral recitative (which may be paralleled with the Plague of Darkness in Handel's 'Israel');—and this, again, passes into a charming and more rhythmical duett (in A minor) of *soprani*, with chorus, 'Zion stretcheth her hands for aid.' The next movement is a recitative and *aria* (in E flat) for the tenor (*encored*): its import, to encourage hope in the faithful who maintain their trust in God. Another chorus of the people, still cursed by the drought, follows; leading into what may be called the *scene* of Elijah's retreat, beside the brook Cherith. This opens with a double quartett, 'For he shall give his angels charge over thee,'—delicious to the ear and excellent as a piece of writing. Throughout the whole Oratorio—let us here observe—the presence of celestial witnesses affords the composer admirable means of relief. Then come the sickness of the Widow's Son—and his restoration, in answer to the prayers of the Prophet; followed by a chorus, 'Blessed are they who fear him,'—cheerful and hopeful in its melody, and instrumented with a richness and variety which beggar common epithets of praise. The summons of the Prophet to the presence of Ahab succeeds:— and then, the contest between the worshippers of Baal and those of the True God. Nothing can be imagined more exciting than the three choruses of the idolaters, vanquished by the taunts of the Seer—who is stronger in his own firm faith than even in their discomfiture. A rich and voluptuous invocation, beginning in brisk *tempo alla marcia*, gives place to a chorus more anxious and eager — and, lastly, to a more rapid and ferocious movement;—till the blanking silence after the reiterated invocation, 'Hear, and answer,' (one of the most original and happy employments of musical *rest* ever produced) leaves the ground free for the Prophet of the True God to step forward and try *his* strength. Nor can anything be more admirable than the jealousy with which Mendelssohn has guarded this portion of his music from the slightest intrusion of what might be called the theatrical element. Masterful as Elijah is shown to be, he is still *submissive*;—himself made reverent by the conscious possession of the power to strike terror into those who have bowed the knee to Baal. It may be refining,—but we feel as if *The Messenger* were never lost sight of by the composer,—not even in that menacing air, 'Is not His word like a fire?'—A short *contralto* air, given to a warning angel, succeeds;—and, then, we reach the marvellous recitative and chorus which close the first part. The recitative is in dialogue, between the Prophet, waiting for the rain to descend, and a youth;—the chorus, that the people who follow the Seer's supplications that his curse may be unbound. Here, the musical treatment of the subject is of the highest order. The contrast between the deep, impassioned tones of the Prophet and the clear *unconscious* voice of the youth,—the burden of prayer repeated by the chorus,—the eagerness with which the signs of the coming blessing are welcomed, and pictured,—and the burst of full-hearted thankfulness when the windows of Heaven are at last opened,—are rendered with a devotional intensity and manly force which are without peer in this order of composition, since Handel was laid in the grave. We know not how to speak too cordially of this whole picture: since our most cordial phrase could not be considered exaggerated by any musician or poet who had been present to-day and observed the mood of the very miscellaneously-collected audience. The final chorus, 'Thanks be to God!' was *encored*.—We have omitted to say, that the *corale* of angels, 'Regard thy servant's prayer!' was also repeated.

It was difficult after such an act as this, to sustain— still more to increase—the interest during another portion of the drama no less important. The maker of the book may be thought, in some measure, to have become bewildered by choice of materials in the second part of his Oratorio; but the composer has flagged, or nodded, wonderfully seldom. A fine *soprano* air—to which, under the circumstances, justice *could not* be done,—describes the backsliding of the Israelites; and leads into a firm and hopeful chorus, 'Be not afraid, saith God our Lord,' with a close of singular power and vigour. The next scene is the persecution of the Prophet by Jezebel,—narrated in fierce recitative; with the chorus, in instant reply, like the coming of murderers making haste to do the wicked queen's bidding. The Prophet remains as calm under persecution as under triumph. His air, 'It is enough, O Lord! now take away my life,' though full of deep sadness, is not sad without hope; and the celestial duett (for two *soprani*) 'Lift thine eyes to the mountains,' and still more delicious chorus, 'He, watching over Israel, neither slumbers nor sleeps' (most deservedly *encored*), heighten the mood engendered by Elijah's trust under peril;—soothing us with assurances of man's nearness to

the world beyond the tombs,—

in tones and harmonies of a rare sweetness. The composer seems to have lingered over this portion of his task, like a lover:—yet who could wish that he had sped onward, when he has tarried to give such a delicious song as the *contralto aria*, 'O, rest in the Lord!' (*encored*), one of the gems of the work; not the less so because less ambitious than other of its portions? A short chorus and recitative now prepare the listener for 'The Vision;'—when, after the winds had rent the mountains, and the sea had upheaved itself, and the earthquake and the fire had passed, the Lord spake "in a still small voice." This stupendous scene is narrated by the chorus; with all the poetry that imagination could bring and all the luxury that science could accumulate. It was not merely the length of the movement, nor the late period of the work at which it occurs, that exempted it from an *encore*,—but, possibly, too, its own grandeur. "Let us pass on," said Gray, when travelling among the mountains, "and say nothing!" There will be plenty of leisure for superlatives on some future day. We confess, after the almost unprecedented excitement of

this movement, to have heard the concluding portion of the Oratorio more languidly: yet it contains one more fine *aria* for Elijah (also *encored*); the chorus narrating his ascension,—which, picturesque as it is, suffers, to our thinking, from coming so close upon the marvellous movement that *we do not* attempt to praise; a tenor *aria*, 'Then shall the righteous shine forth like the sun,'—more beautiful even than the parallel song, 'Be thou faithful unto death, in 'St. Paul';—a chorus, 'Behold thy servant';—a quartett, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth' (making the eighth *encore*, and meriting the same); and the last burst of adoration and thanksgiving, which worthily close the most eminent of modern musical creations.

Such are the main features of 'Elijah,'—hastily outlined. Let us add a general remark or two. The world owes good thanks to Dr. Mendelssohn for having conformed his manner to his subject,—for having treated the same religiously yet romantically. We are aware that those who count devotion by breves and semi-breves,—who imagine sound faith to mean a strict fugue,—who would shut Melody out of the Temple for the sake of the barbarisms of the antique tones,—will shudder, or sneer, at our two epithets, side by side. What, let us ask them, would an artist make of Peter the Hermit, if, in painting, restricted to the passionless monastic sanctities which are their "be-all and end-all,"—and is *that* not a religious subject? Thus, therefore, in treating a drama where the Prophet with his portents overruled the King with his tens of thousands,—where the Help of Israel vouchsafed visible signs and tokens, to avenge and deliver His people, and to glorify among them the Leader commissioned from on high,—the antique severities of what is called the Church Style would have been too dry and constrained and bloodless to befit a story so full of august and strange transactions and extreme contrasts. "Romantic," however, as we have said, with Dr. Mendelssohn neither means "flimsy" nor "theatrical." Without a basis of science as deep and as sound as ever the most crotchetty of canonists and most forcible of fugue writers possessed, there can be no mastery over the free style such as we find in the 'Elijah.' Let any one, who wishes to measure this, compare the amount of contrivance in cast of melody, support of harmony, combination of parts, construction at once unexpected and easy,—with the romantic Oratorio by a great contemporary composer—we mean Spohr's 'Babylon';—and the immense superiority in skill must be obvious, whatever be thought of the respective effects of the two works. Or, let us take a still more forcible example: one which, to the end of time, will be evoked when the grandest sacred music is in question. The periods in which the two men flourished being taken into account—Handel will be found to be far more romantic—we may at once boldly say more *operatic*—than Mendelssohn. He even, as we know, transferred whole movements from his operas to his oratorios. Yet what caviller will be found bold enough to raise his voice against 'Israel,' or 'Judas,' or 'Saul,' as *profane?* We should not have dwelt so long upon a matter simple of comprehension to every thinker, were it not with the view of depriving Prejudice of its vantage ground, by clearly showing while ascribing its pedestal to a new, noble work where and how stand

the statues that enchant the world!

Thus, ere we close these general remarks, we must once more call attention to the *holiness* of tone imparted to all the music which the Prophet has to utter; and which gives his figure a place as entirely apart in the picture as that occupied by the chief Personage in the Rembrandt of our National Gallery,—on which Hazlitt (if we recollect aright) descanted so eloquently. Nor must we omit to point out another reason why 'Elijah' seems superior to its composer's 'St. Paul,'—as well as more likely to become popular. The airs, duetts, &c. are more developed—more winning in melody. As a series, the choruses of the new Oratorio are finer, more forcible, and more richly diversified. Dr. Mendelssohn, too, has shown his usual enterprise and variety, without extravagance, in the instrumentation. When so much of what is half-considered or wholly borrowed—of what is unreal and vague—is turned loose on the world to pass for profound, we cannot too warmly welcome a creation in which strength of grasp and freshness of imagination are attested by the artist's willing assent to all the rules and conditions which only the charlatan or the madman disclaims.

Such are our first impressions.—Not only, however, do all works so grand in scale as 'Elijah' demand study and frequent hearing ere the critic is in a condition to speak of them with full knowledge and power to compare,—but our remarks are open to amendment, since this especial Oratorio was not heard under the most advantageous circumstances imaginable. No reflection is intended upon the Birmingham Committee—still less upon the artists, as negligent—least of all, upon the composer, as unreasonable; but it chanced that some of the singers suited the music less than could have been wished. The *soprano* part lies higher than Madame Caradori can sing with comfort to herself. The *contralto* portion, again, makes perpetual calls on those notes of the voice where Miss Hawes is the weakest. Her comprehension of the music was very just; but Nature would not let her give certain portions (as, for instance, in Jezebel's recitative, the declamatory passage, 'He hath transgressed; slay him!') with full effect.

We know not, on the other hand, whether we shall ever again hear the part of Elijah given so finely as by Herr Staudigl. His voice has recovered from the tremulousness which, during his late visits to London, had marred our pleasure in hearing it. He was singing, too, with the care and impressiveness of one who liked—because he felt—his part. In particular, the lustre of his voice and the energy of his delivery told in his address to the priests of Baal, 'Call him louder!'—and in the stormy bass-song, 'Is not His word like a fire?' while the devotional invocation, 'Lord God of Abraham!'—and, subsequently, the pathetic lament, 'It is enough,' were examples of that fine and expressive *cantabile*, for which not only good voice and good method, but also *good heart* are required. Mr. Lockey, too, has substantiated his claim to be considered our first English tenor of serious music,—by the true feeling and fresh voice with which he took the principal duty of this Oratorio. The other parts were sustained by Miss Williams (who also distinguished herself)—her sister—Miss Bassano—Messrs. Hobbs, Phillips, and Machin. The orchestra was, throughout, zealous and attentive,—the chorus excellent.

We must not omit, by way of last word, to do justice to the skill and neatness with which the English text to 'Elijah' has been arranged by Mr. Bartholomew. The task is never an easy one: but in this particular instance it was rendered more than ordinarily difficult by the hurry and the fragmentary manner in which it had to be accomplished;—Dr. Mendelssohn having, only a week since, made additions, changes, &c., sufficient to have excused his translator had he been as slovenly as he is complete and satisfactory.

Lyceum.—On Monday last, was produced at this house one of that class of dramatic parodies, or burlesques, for which it has become famous under the management of the Keeleys. The author is Mr. Charles Dance; and the 'Oberon' of Weber and Planché has furnished the subject to be caricatured. It would be very difficult to say wherein consists the humour of this species of writing—yet that it has a humour of its own is evidenced by the universal laugh which it commands where the breadth of the parody is kept clear of coarseness. A portion of the success is probably not so much inherent to the class, as furnished by the opportunity which, like pantomime, it affords for touching on all the topics of the time and hitting off the popular follies as they fly. The sense of contrast, however, which is of the essence of this description of pieces, furnishes, undoubtedly, a large share of its grotesque. All the heroisms and sentimentalisms of dramatic literature are brought to the incongruous test of cockneydom, speaking the slang of the particular time; and against this they cannot possibly stand, but are swept away in shouts of irresistible laughter. It will be seen, however, as we have hinted, that to secure its effect, the weapon, though a coarse one, needs delicate—or at least skilful—handling. Mr. Dance has managed it with the tact of Planché. Oberon, the King of the Fairies, is, for the occasion, transformed into O'Brian—having changed his name for an Irish estate; yet can he not be said to become an Irish King of the Fairies. The tunes and the brogue are all that there is of Irish about the piece—the jokes not being bulls nor the scene Irish fairyland. But the hits are nevertheless excellent and full of point, and the scenic effects admirable. All the usual elements that go, in greater or less number, to the success of this species of representation combined very happily in the instance before us:—sly morals, made striking even by their ridiculous exaggeration—gross anachronisms—absurd rhymes—parodies of popular performers—and, above all, excellent acting. Keeley gave an amusing imitation of Braham—his wife of Rachel—and Frank Matthews was an exaggerated Ibrahim Pacha. Scenery, dresses, and dances, all contributed to the success; and though the piece was somewhat lengthy, it nowhere dragged—and was attended by fewer untoward accidents than ordinarily attends a first performance of an affair so showy.

We will give Mr. Keeley a hint. At the close of the piece, the actors were, very deservedly, called before the curtain; and to the applause intended to be distributed amongst them, Mrs. Keeley's share was, on this occasion, as on all similar ones, first and largest. But Mr. Keeley answered the call in the persons of his wife, himself (who was not very happily suited with a part) and his daughter—a clever girl, carefully taught, but having no title to such precedence; thus securing to his own family a monopoly of the applause which was not designed to be so appropriated. It may have been unintentionally that this apparent injustice was done to others: but we must here re-adjust the matter, by saying that, while the piece was thoroughly well played throughout, by every one according to his opportunities, Mr. Matthews's *Badmansir* was a rich piece of extravagance; and Miss Villars's *O'Brian* an excellent piece of acting—distinguished by pointed meaning and clear enunciation—which certainly assigned her the share next after Mrs. Keeley's in the honours of the evening.

Sadler's Wells.—Wednesday evening witnessed the *début* of Miss Laura Addison, in the character of the Lady *Mabel*, in Mr. W. Marston's play of 'The Patrician's Daughter.' The announcement seems to have created some excitement; as not only the house was crowded in every part, but many members of the theatrical profession were present. The lady, we believe, has acquired considerable celebrity on the Edinburgh stage. She is young, and sufficiently handsome; with a sweet, low voice, a pleasing gesture, and dignified attitude. Her conception of the character was good,—her execution highly spirited; and she displayed throughout singular poetic fervour. We have not lately seen a *débutante* who has shown so much genuine enthusiasm. We are disposed to welcome Miss Addison as of fair promise; particularly as the line of parts which she is qualified to fill has been awaiting a new representative. She has but little to unlearn—a slight occasional excess of action, which experience will soon correct; and what she needs to acquire will not be long in coming, now that she has taken her position in the excellent school of acting which this theatre, under the management of Mr. Phelps, has become. The play was, in other respects, satisfactorily cast. *Mordaunt* was judiciously performed by the manager. His fine taste and judgment relieved the situation in the fourth act of most of its repulsiveness; and, accordingly, preserved the sympathy of the audience for the hero to the last. The concluding scene was nobly and effectively acted. Mrs. Brougham performed the *Lady Lynterne* with considerable discretion;—but she must learn to cast it in a more severe mould. The character is not a comic one. Mr. George Bennett succeeded so well in the *Lord Lynterne* as to command the call of the house;—which, throughout, by the antagonistic elements of the play, was kept in a state of unusual agitation.

Musical Gossip.—We, last week, announced, on certain authority, the progress of the Italian Opera scheme at Covent Garden. Every day's report has confirmed the list of engagements first talked about; and, without pledging ourselves to infallibility, (since who that knows the world behind the curtain will venture so to do more than once in his life?) we think that the following may prove nearer the reality than gossip does sometimes:

Prime donne.—Mdmes. Grisi, Persiani, and another lady.

Contralto.—Mdme. Alboni.
Tenori.—MM. Mario and Salvi.
Baritones and Bassos.—MM. Tamburini, Ronconi, Marini and Rovere.

There are rumours, too, of an orchestra on the most liberal scale, and a chorus of sixty voices. The interior of the theatre, it is added, is to be entirely re-arranged. It is to be earnestly wished that the Covent Garden Opera Company will exercise a wise choice with regard to its repertory; and take into consideration the question of revivals, not as a *pis aller*, but as a settled proportion of the season's entertainments. We believe that such a course, carried out heartily—that is, with care—would be attended by good results. What, for instance, could be more welcome to every lover of (not lounger over) music than Mozart's 'Seraglio'—that treasury of comic melody, written expressly,—as it might seem, to be sung by Mdme. Persiani and Signori Mario and Tamburini? Then, if the *corps* include two efficient tenors and a *contralto*, why should not we be treated with the 'Zelmira' of Rossini,—one of the master's grandest serious operas; or with the 'Mosè,' as altered and enriched by him for Paris. Let there be only a moderate foresight in these matters—and good must come, on every side, from an undertaking rendered necessary by the suicidal policy of Mr. Lumley's management.

This year has been fatal to the patriarchal musicians. How strange it seems that death should be required to bring to our recollection some of those whose names, but a few years ago, were household words in the world of Art! Yet few, till the funeral elegies had to be pronounced, recollected that Simone Mayer and Joseph Weigl were among the living at the commencement of this year! Here is another worthy master just gone—Joseph Eybler; who was guided in his education by Haydn,—presided at the piano during the rehearsal of Mozart's 'Cosi,'—saw Saleri (that thorn in Mozart's side) laid in his grave,—watched Beethoven *begin* at Vienna, and be laid aside for Rossini,—saw poor Weber produce his 'Euryanthe' for Sontag, and die in his prime—and survived for some twenty years the last of these wrecks and changes! —Of Eybler himself the story is soon told. He was born, in 1764, at a little village not far from Vienna; and received part of his education under *everyone's* master—Albrechtsberger. When eight-and-twenty, he was appointed chorus-master at the Church of the Carmelites; and there attracted so much attention by his sacred compositions, as to receive sundry court appointments,—ending in that of Imperial chapel-master. During the course of his service, he produced much religious music, an opera, two cantatas, two symphonies, &c.: but, as none of these have travelled, it is only fair to presume that they were rather the works of a well-trained man who flourished in a genial atmosphere than the creations of an original imagination. The last *can* hardly, we think, be kept at home,—especially in days like ours, of curiosity if not of research.

There is sad news from Paris of M. Habeneck having been seized by a sudden attack of paralysis in the head; which, it is added, will, under the best circumstances, prohibit his return to active life. Great conductors are not so plentiful, even among the great musicians, that we can hear of the loss of one, without more than ordinary concern.—They have been reviving at the *Opéra Comique*, the 'Paul et Virginie' of M. *Lodoiska* Kreutzer,—but without much success. Mdlle. Lemercier and M. Jourdan have been tried in this opera (more *débuts!*);—the latter artist is said to have been almost "irreproachable." Since revival is part of the admitted system of management at this theatre, we are not without hopes of hearing of some of the serious works (paradoxical as the epithet sounds) written for the *Opéra Comique*, when *Théâtre Feydeau*, taking their turn. The fragments with which we are acquainted of the 'Romeo et Juliette' by Steibelt quicken our curiosity with regard to the whole opera;—though, as being the composition of a show-pianist, it is more than probable that the orchestral part would need entire revision: and the wondrous 'Medée' of Cherubini [*vide Ath.* No. 880] must surely be some day again brought forward—since, arduous as it is, there is superb music *buried* in it.—That valuable and thoroughly-trained artist, M. Alizard, is about, we are happy to see, to return to the *Académie*.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—August 17.—Several communications were made respecting new inventions in railroads.—M. Dumas presented a communication from M. Larduel on the mode of obtaining boric acid from the volcanic districts of Tuscany. The process consists in piercing openings, by which jets of vapour escape; and forming round them reservoirs of water, in which the vapour is condensed. The saturated water is then evaporated by means of boiling, and the boric acid in the shape of crystals is dried, and becomes in a fit state for use. Until within the last twenty years the operation was on a limited scale; for the purpose of evaporation, wood was used as fuel, and consequently the value of the produce was scarcely greater than the cost of production. The average quantity of boric acid was about fifty tons; it is now one thousand, for, instead of using wood for the boilers, the saturated water is kept in a state of ebullition by other streams of natural vapour. It is said that this industry has already produced a profit of ten millions of francs to Tuscany.—A paper was received from M. Matteuci, giving an account of some new experiments in electricity. The present communication relates principally to the torpedo. M. Matteuci states that in this and in all electrical fishes there are a large number of organs, each of which has the faculty of giving out electricity under nervous influence; and that the organ, without being physically analogous to any of the apparatus of the human system, is nevertheless a multiplicatory apparatus.—The other papers read were principally on geological subjects.

New Sign of Death.—The following discovery may be of great service in cases of suspected death. The communication was lately made to the Royal Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Ripault; who, in directing the attention of members to the discovery, observed, that it consisted in perfect flaccidity of the iris when the globe of the eye is compressed in two opposite directions. If the individual be living, the pupil retains its circular form, notwithstanding the compression; if dead, the aperture becomes irregular, and the circular form is lost.

City Relics.—The workmen engaged in pulling down seven houses in Milk-street, Cheapside, and what was formerly called Lad-lane,—but since the city improvements named Gresham-street,—have come across the remains of some ancient walls and vaults, and amongst the most remarkable are an archway of stone and a flight of stone steps. The archway is carefully finished off,—the main wall is composed of fragments of stone, and the other portion of red brick, so strongly combined that it is difficult, even with an iron wedge and sledge-hammer, to dissever it, although it has evidently been for nearly two centuries imbedded in the soil. The spot has been visited by several gentlemen; and an examination has taken place, which is likely to lead to an interesting inquiry as to the buildings which stood in the locality.—*Globe.*

Potato Substitute.—A Swiss journal states that the bulb of the dahlia, when dressed like potatoes, affords an excellent article of food.

Hill's Printing Press.—This is a very ingenious invention, by which, by means of hand labour, and without the aid of steam power, a hand printer is enabled to produce impressions with a rapidity far beyond anything that the hand-press, or any press not worked by steam, has hitherto produced. The hand-presses hitherto in use have done comparatively very little to expedite the printing and multiplying of copies, and the hand printer has not progressed much beyond the state in which he was placed at a very early period of the art of printing. Those who have made printing, and the machinery by which it is worked, their study, affirm that, although, within comparatively few years, more than thirty patents have been taken out to secure inventions connected with the machinery of presses, and to enable hand printers to increase the celerity of the process, they are still, so far as speed is concerned, no nearer to the attainment of the object than they would have been had the old German press been still continued in use. * * The small printer cannot, of course, use the steam-press; the machinery, from its bulk, complexity, and great expense, is beyond his means; any invention, therefore, which tends to facilitate and expedite his labours, is important. * * The dimensions of Mr. Hill's machine, though it can multiply copies in the ratio of four to one over the hand-presses in general use, do not exceed those of the common press. Its simplicity of construction is also a great advantage over presses worked by hand generally in use; for it has neither tooth-wheel, rack, or pinions for giving motion,—neither has it the tapes for conveying the paper, so that the inconvenience and trouble of those portions of a press getting out of order are avoided altogether. A strong lad can work off from 1,200 to 1,500 impressions per hour, with less labour and exertion than is required by the common hand-presses to work off 300 impressions. The invention is, of course, secured by patents; and the inventors therefore make no concealment of their press, but are anxious that the public should see it and judge for themselves of its merits.—*Times.*

Phenomena of the Electric Telegraph.—A very extraordinary phenomenon was recently observed on the line of the electric telegraph between New York and Baltimore. Three thunder storms, each some thirty or sixty miles from the other, were all coming east on the telegraph route about the same time, and every discharge of electricity from either was duly recorded *by the lightning itself*, in the telegraph office at Jersey city, Philadelphia, Wilmington, or Baltimore. The wires became altogether unmanageable; and the operators being obliged to withdraw the batteries used for writing, the visitor from the clouds had the field to itself. The letters of Morse's telegraphic alphabet which this natural lightning seemed to be most partial to, were L and T; but occasionally it went at the numerals, and dashed off 1's, 50's, 55's, 500's, and 5000's, in its own rapid style. We learn that, when two or more thunder clouds get in the same vicinity, and discharge their electricity at each other, or receive the fluid from the earth and return it again, or when ground lightning prevails, the effect on the telegraph wires is to produce a strange and original language, which may yet be made intelligible. In fact, each kind of lightning *speaks* for itself, and *writes* what it says.—*New York Paper.*

Poisoning in Brazil.—The tales of secret and slow poisoning which occupied the attention of Europe in past centuries, are now generally discredited—with or without reason, this is not the place to decide. A fact, however, which should be constantly present to every practitioner in treating disease among the slave population of Brazil, is, that under the name of *feitico* (a Portuguese-African word, embracing the idea of charms, philters, poison, when administered in certain forms,) poisoning is frequently practised; and so expert are its administrators that diseases of many varieties are simulated, and every possible gradation of time may be occupied by the poison to produce its effects,—so that the victim of feitico may apparently succumb to a lingering marasmus or a violent colic. Such art, and the dexterity with which it is practised, imply an appropriate education, and the possession of much and exact traditional knowledge, by the negroes; and it will be more easily accredited that it is so, when it is known that in some parts of Brazil (and I speak with special reference to the interior of the province of San Paulo, where I now reside) there exists among the slave population a secret fraternity, analogous to the society of Thugs of India, who also consider it the discharge of a religious obligation to murder annually a certain number of persons—chosen, however, always from amongst the blacks themselves, and rarely or never from the families of their masters. In this society there are several grades; and the fitness of the aspirants to become acquainted with the more esoteric doctrines, is supposed to be tested by the ability with which they cause one or more deaths;—often their own nearest relatives being selected, the better to prove their firmness. Here, however, poison has replaced the cord of the Thug—a not infrequent mode of administering it is by a pinch of snuff; and there is one most authentic case of death in this way produced on the intended assassin himself, which occurred in the centre of this province. Mesmerism, which is practised by the adepts, also, it is supposed by some well-qualified to judge, enters much into their means of exhausting vitality. It is a singular fact, that many dying lingeringly, will often pertinaciously assert that such an one of their fellow-slaves is mur-

dering them,—alleging as a reason that nightly they dream of him; and the subsequent confession of the accused not unfrequently justifies the accusation. May we not explain this by the supposition that a partial reminiscence is left of the mesmeric processes to which, during sleep, they are subjected?—*Dr. Daunt, in the Medical Times.*

Mines in Australia.—As at the renowned 'Burra Burra Mines' of the South Australian Mining Association, so at the newly-opened mines of the South Australian Company, returns seem destined to exhibit a preponderance over expenditure *ab initio*. Only a few days have elapsed since the appropriation of the Company's share of the splendid mineral survey in the Eastern District,—and already the public eye is greeted with a fresh display of subsoil riches; a dray-load of the ore, obtained very near, if not exactly at, the surface, having passed through the city yesterday on its way to the port—rich in quality, and the self-evident precursor of vast contributions to the mineral exports of the colony. Judging from present appearances and concurring reports, we would say that, as far as the Company is concerned, there will no longer be any talk of postponement of dividends, nor any lack of purchasers for the Company's shares at a handsome premium.—*Adelaide Observer.*

Lake Superior Mineral Region.—The rapidity with which report follows report of developing wealth in the country on and about Lake Superior, has induced us to turn our attention to that quarter. We find that there are now about ninety companies purporting to carry on the working of the silver and copper mines of that district. The following table will show from whence the means are supposed to be drawn for the support of these extensive operations:—

No. Cos.	Shares.	Directors residing at
12	48500	New York.
24	84000	Boston.
5	13500	New York and Detroit.
17	63000	Detroit.
11	53000	Other parts of Michigan.
3	13500	Vermont.
15	30000	Miscellaneous.
87	305,500	

This is probably below the number in operation; but assuming for this number the low average of $50 for each share, we have the grand aggregate of $15,275,000 as the nominal capital employed. If all these companies are indeed fair and above board in their dealings, and are legitimate enterprises, then the country operated in must be one mass of copper, boundless and inexhaustible. Boston seems to have entered the most extensively into the business.—*New York Herald.*

Extent of the United States.—The United States have a frontier line of more than 10,000 miles. We have a line of sea-coast of 4,000 miles,—and a lake coast of 1,200 miles. One of our rivers is twice the size of the Danube,—the largest river in Europe. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine;—and the Hudson has a navigation 120 miles longer than the Thames. The single State of Virginia is a third larger than England. Ohio contains 5,120,000 acres more than Scotland. From Maine to Ohio is further than from London to Constantinople:—and so we might go on and fill pages, enumerating distances, rivers, lakes, capes, and bays, with comparative estimates of size, power, and population.—*New York Sun.*

Coating for Telegraph-Wires.—The wires of the electric telegraph connected with the Munich and Augsburg railroad have been covered with a coating invented by Professor Stenheil, of Munich; which possesses the virtue of protecting them from lightning,—thereby greatly tending to prevent accidents. —*Galignani.*

Brazilian Diamonds.—The Brazil journals announce that a negro lately found in the diamond district of Bahia a rough diamond weighing nearly an ounce. Its approximative value is 45,000*l.*,—but it was sold by the finder for 35*l.*

To Correspondents.—G. S. F.—Mr. J.—J. F.—J. T.—F. H.—W. A.—A. J. D. D.—J. B.—A Member of the Institute of the Fine Arts—received.

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The Railway Chronicle

Of Saturday, August 22, contains Articles on

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.—COMMITTEE FOR REVISION OF STANDING ORDERS—PLAIN WORDS ON MORALITY OF CLANDESTINE TRAFFIC—RESULTS OF GREAT WESTERN TRAFFIC—DELIVERY OF MORRISON COMMITTEE-PROPOSAL FOR NEW RAILWAY DEPARTMENT.

REPORTS OF MEETINGS.—London, Brighton and South Coast—Richmond—London and Blackwall—Durham and Sunderland—Hull and Selby—Maryport and Carlisle—Dunstable—Wharfdale (late Lancashire and Yorkshire North-Eastern)—Ambergate, Nottingham and Boston—Newmarket and Chesterford—Edinburgh and Glasgow—Edinburgh, Leith, and Granton—Glasgow, Kilmarnock and Ardrossan—Glasgow, Strathaven and Lesmahagow—Glasgow Southern Terminal—North Wales Mineral—Shrewsbury and Hereford-shire—Dublin, Dundrum and Rathfarnham—Cork and Bandon—Madras—Charing-cross Bridge—Meetings of Shareholders to Affirm or Dissolve.

OFFICIAL PAPERS.—Bill for constituting Commissioners of Railways—London, Brighton and South Coast, Directors' Report—Richmond, Directors' Report, Statement of Accounts, and Terms of Sale to the South-Western—Hull and Selby, Directors' Report and Statement of Accounts—Maryport and Carlisle, Directors' Report—Great Southern and Western (Ireland) Engineers' Report.

MECHANICAL IMPROVEMENTS.—Pavements for Railway Stations—Metallic Sand Cement.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.—Committees on Opposed Bills—Royal Assent.

Progress of Works—Accidents—Law Intelligence—Iron Trade—Meetings—Tenders for Loans—Contracts—Dividends—Calls—Deposits Returned—Transfer Books Closed—Correspondents—Traffic Table—Share Lists—Foreign ditto—Money Market—Paris Letter—Liability of 20,000*l.* List—Alteration of Time Tables—Cambrian Railway—Gossip of the Week.

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Specimen of the Tables.
Premium for Assuring 100*l.*

Age.	First Year.	Second Year.	Third Year.	Fourth Year.	Fifth Year.	Remainder of Life.
30	£1 3 9	£1 5 2	£1 6 8	£1 8 4	£1 10 0	£2 10 5
40	1 11 10	1 13 9	1 15 10	1 18 1	2 0 6	3 8 3

This table is not only suitable to those who, from the prospect of an increasing income, or other circumstances, prefer paying a smaller sum during the first few years, but is also decidedly the best mode of insuring with the view of securing the repayment of temporary loans. It is preferable to a period policy, as it may be continued to the end of life, without requiring new certificates of health or incurring a higher rate of premium.

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Age.	Without Bonus.	With Bonus.	Age.	Without Bonus.	With Bonus.
	For the whole Life, at an Annual Payment of			For the whole Life, at an Annual Payment of	
	£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£. s. d.	£. s. d.
20	1 14 10	2 3 7	40	2 14 5	3 7 11
25	1 18 6	2 8 1	45	3 2 5	3 17 11
30	2 2 9	2 13 5	50	3 17 0	4 10 8
35	2 8 0	2 19 10	55	4 10 4	5 6 4

Bonuses paid upon Policies which have become Claims:—

No. of Policy.	Sum Insured.	Sum paid.	No. of Policy.	Sum Insured.	Sum Paid.
	£.	£. s. d.		£.	£. s. d.
435	3,000	4,509 1 1	3,307	2,000	3,411 1 3
1,973	5,000	7,652 13 3	3 617	1,000	1,862 4 11
3,085	5,000	7,706 6 0	4,024	1,000	1,622 9 7
3,378	5,000	7,500 5 9	4,888	1,000	1,654 13 6

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained upon application to the Agents of the Office, in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom; and at the head Office, No. 50, Regent-street. JOHN A. BEAUMONT, Managing Director.

ESTABLISHED 1834.

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The following table will show the result of the last division of profits, as declared on the 13th of May, 1846, to all persons who had on that day paid six annual premiums:—

Age when Policy was issued.	Date of Policy.	Sum Assured.	Original Premium.	Reduced Annual Premium for the current Year
20	On or before 13th May, 1841.	£1,000	£19 6 8	£10 5 0
30		1,000	24 8 4	12 18 10
40		1,000	31 10 0	16 13 11
50		1,000	42 15 0	22 13 2
60		1,000	66 11 8	35 5 10

DAVID JONES, Actuary.

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The increasing corps of Scientific Agriculturists—the rising body of Druggists' Assistants, to whose studies British Chemistry may owe much of its future developement, must insuperable difficulties in fitting themselves for their duties, and keeping *pari passu* with the rapid advances of Science. To these gentlemen the PHARMACEUTICAL TIMES AND JOURNAL OF CHEMICAL SCIENCE will make up for that attendance at lecture-rooms which their engagements now make impossible; and, by a cheap diffusion of the principles and improved practice of Chemical Science, elevate them to a level with their high aims, and prepare them for that improved position for their pursuits, which the public opinion of the country is on the eve of securing them. To all—Medical Men, Chemists, Druggists, Agriculturists, and Manufacturers—the PHARMACEUTICAL TIMES will guarantee a quick knowledge of every improvement in Chemistry: open to them the most celebrated laboratories of Europe; mirror the world Chemical and Pharmaceutical; and, while weekly purveying the high science of our most distinguished Chemists, will as regularly furnish that practical information on business facts to be met with nowhere but in the columns of vigilant and enterprising journalism.

PLAN OF THE JOURNAL.

The first part of the PHARMACEUTICAL TIMES will be devoted to ORIGINAL LECTURES and SERIES of PAPERS on Pharmacy and the various divisions of modern Chemistry.

The following Courses will commence with the first number.—

I.—CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO THE ARTS AND MANUFACTURES, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO PHARMACY AND AGRICULTURE.

By M. Dumas,

Member of the Royal Institute of France, and of the Royal Academy of Medicine; Dean of the Faculty of Science; Professor of Chemistry to the Faculty of Medicine, and to the Central School of Arts and Manufactures of France, &c. &c.

II.—A COURSE OF PRACTICAL PHARMACY.

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Archiv der Criminalrechts Neue folge. Ed. Abegg, Birnbaum, Heffter, Mittermaier, Wächter, Zachariä. 4 pts., 8vo. New, 8vo., 16 yrs. Halle, each.
—— der Deutchen und Auslandischen Criminalrechtspflege. Ed. Hitzig und Demme. 12 pts. 3 vols., 8vo. Altenburg.
Centralblatt Pharmaceutisches. Ed. Buchheim. 4 pts., 8vo., 7th yr. Leipzig.
—— Polytechnisches. Ed. Hülse und Weinlig.
Journal für praktische Chemie. Ed. Erdmann und Marchand.
Zeitschrift für Staatsarneikunde. Ed. Henke und Siebert, 8vo., 2d yr. Erlangen.
Wochenschrift für gesammte Heilkunde. Ed. Casper.
Annalen der Chemie und Pharmacie. Edit. Wöhler und Liebig. Heidelberg, 12 pts., 8vo., 15 yr.
—— der Physik und Chemie. Poggendorf, 12 pts.

FRENCH.

Annales de l'Agriculture Française, de Chimie, et de Physique.
Annales d'Hygiene publique.
Journal de Chimie Medicale, de Pharmacie, et de Chimie.
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Reports will also be given of the proceedings of the following

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Practical Pharmacy,

in reference to most of the formulæ of the London Pharmacopœia.

The following eminent gentlemen have been communicated with for their concurrence and aid; and it is gratifying to the Editor to announce that he has already received assurances of a distinguished co-operation, never before given to any Scientific Journal:—

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F. AZAOHS, M.D.
W. T. BRANDE, F.R.S.
BARON BERZELIUS.
PROF. BUNSEN, *Marburgh.*
J. BELL, Esq.
BARON DUMAS.
D. BLATTI, Ph.D., Assistant Prof. Royal College of Chemistry.
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JAMES ANGERSTEIN CARFRAE, Office, 49, Essex-street, Strand, London.

The First Number of the 'PHARMACEUTICAL TIMES' will be ready on September 5. The fifty-two Numbers of the year will make two handsome volumes.

Printed by JAMES HOLMES, of No. 4, New Ormond-street, in the county of Middlesex, printer, at his office, No. 4, Took's-court, Chancery-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, in the said county; and published by JOHN FRANCIS, of No. 14, Wellington-street North, in the said county, Publisher, at No. 14, in Wellington-street aforesaid; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsvenders.—Agents: for SCOTLAND, Messrs. Bell & Bradfute, Edinburgh;—for IRELAND, Messrs. Cumming & Ferguson, Dublin.—Saturday, August 29, 1846.